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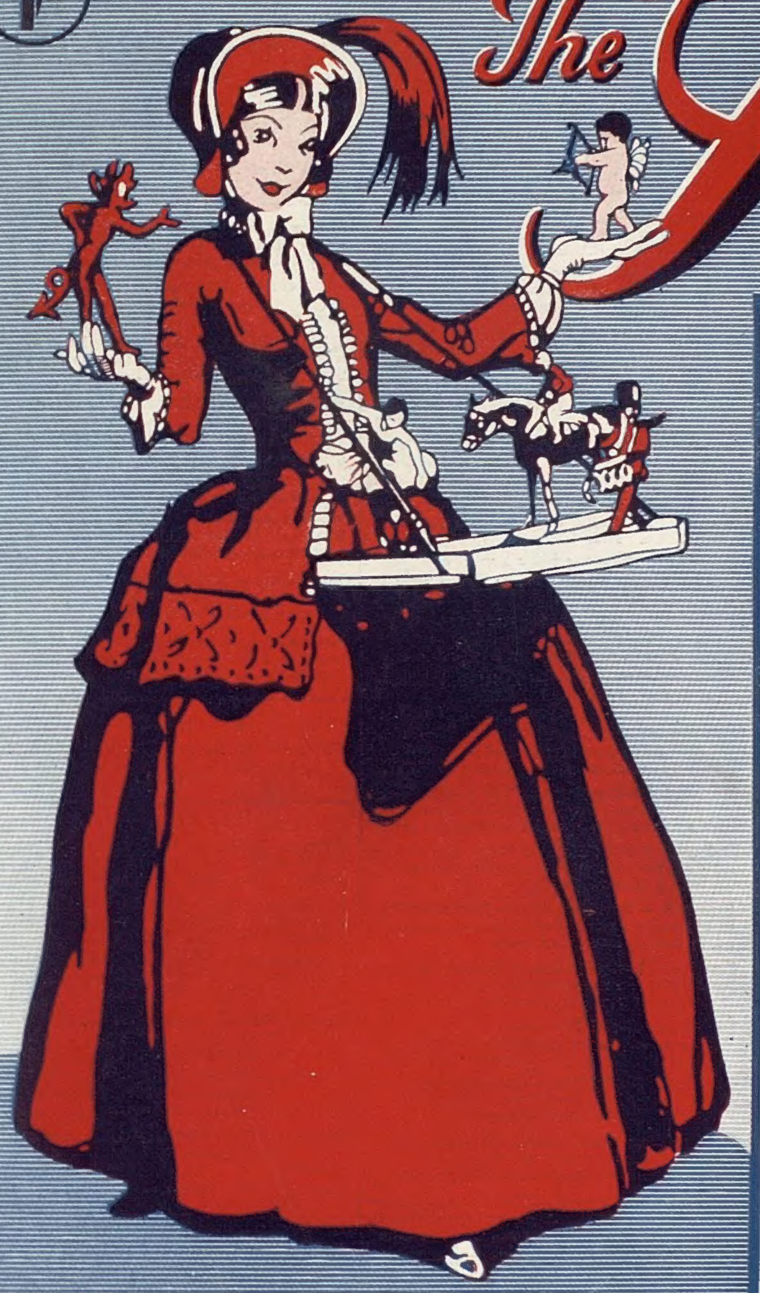

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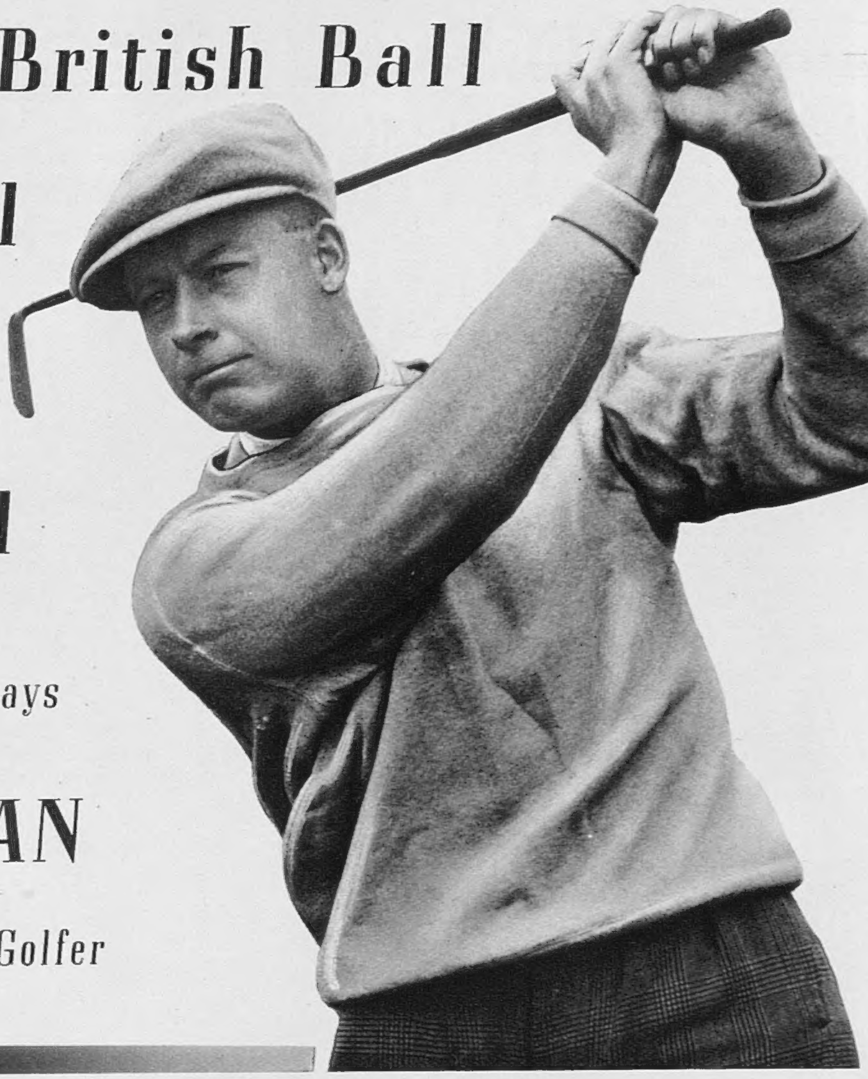

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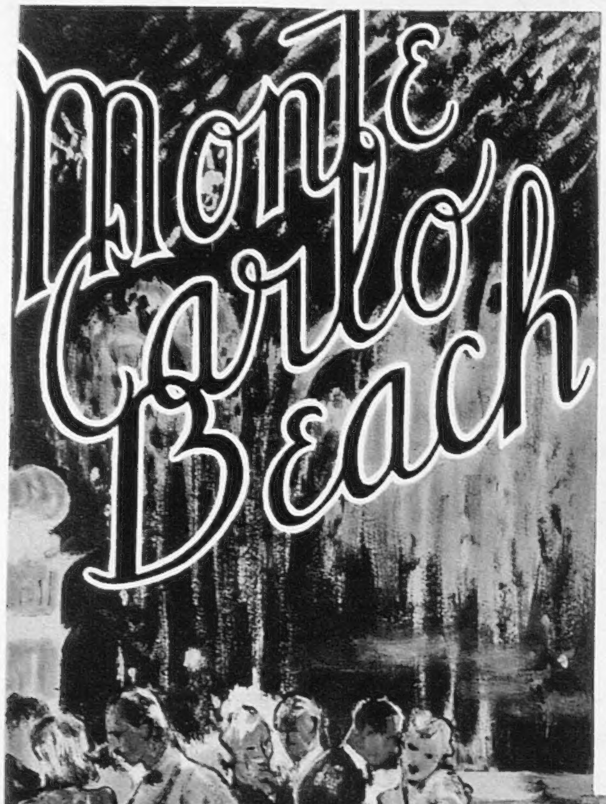


Monte Carlo Day—*Accent on Sophistication*

Although we went to bed nearer dawn than dusk, we arrive at the pool by midday, to bathe a little, to watch the energetic ones diving and aquaplaning and water-ski-ing.

Everyone is there: we drink very cold cocktails and talk gossip and gambling.

We lunch in the loggia: such good food that we forget our diet. We sit in the shade afterwards, with bezique, backgammon, a book.

When the heat abates, we drive an hour or so in the mountains, or play a mild round of golf. We visit our friends in their villas, or meet them at the Hotel de Paris.

Much, much later we dine at the Summer Sporting: it's a gala night, and we watch the divine fireworks which make us feel like children again.

Result: our gambling is more childish than usual. Bankrupt but happy, we dance and play our luck till dawn.

When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two **Beach Hotels** right down by the sea, and the famous **Hotel de Paris** in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the **Beach Restaurant** and dinner at the **Summer Sporting.**

About the **Summer Sporting Club** where centres Monte Carlo's night-life—dining, dancing, gambling in the open air—and that nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening.

That on gala nights the "feux d'artifice," fantastically doubled by their sea-reflections, are more breath-taking than ever.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-ski-ing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the **Country Club's** twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of **Mont Agel.**

That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the **Grand Prix** around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new "**Sun Beach**" cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.

The Sketch

No. 2316—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

CAMERA STUDY BY KAY VAUGHAN.

ENGAGED TO LORD DE RAMSEY: MISS LILAH LABOUCHERE.

The engagement of MISS LILAH LABOUCHERE, *daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Frank Labouchere, to Lord de Ramsey has been announced. Lord de Ramsey, who was born in 1910, is the third Baron, and succeeded his grandfather in 1925. Miss Labouchere is a distant cousin of the famous "Labby," of "Truth."*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

TALK OF THE DEVIL——!

A MAN whom I know extremely well—at least, sometimes I think I know him extremely well, and at other times I think I don't know him at all—anyhow, a man with whom I am more intimate than with any other human being, as he gazed into his shaving-mirror the other morning, thus communed with himself: "Well, I 've got a rotten cold coming on, and this neuritic arm causes a bit of bother after a round of golf, and I haven't been sleeping any too well, and what with one thing and another, I dare say I 'd be the better for decarbonising and a new set of piston-rings; but thank heaven for one thing, anyhow—it 's a long time since I had one of those foul recurrent attacks of lumbago!" Hardly had the words formed themselves in his mind than the old, familiar twinge caught him in the small of the back; and within an hour it was a case of Every Picture Tells a Story. Whereupon this foolish fellow, being of a somewhat superstitious turn of mind, further communed with himself, saying: "I might have known better! If you so much as *hint* that you have got rid of your lumbago, there is a little imp, specially appointed for the purpose, who overhears you and immediately gives you a prod over the kidneys with his pitchfork, just to tell you where you get off! Talk of the devil——!"

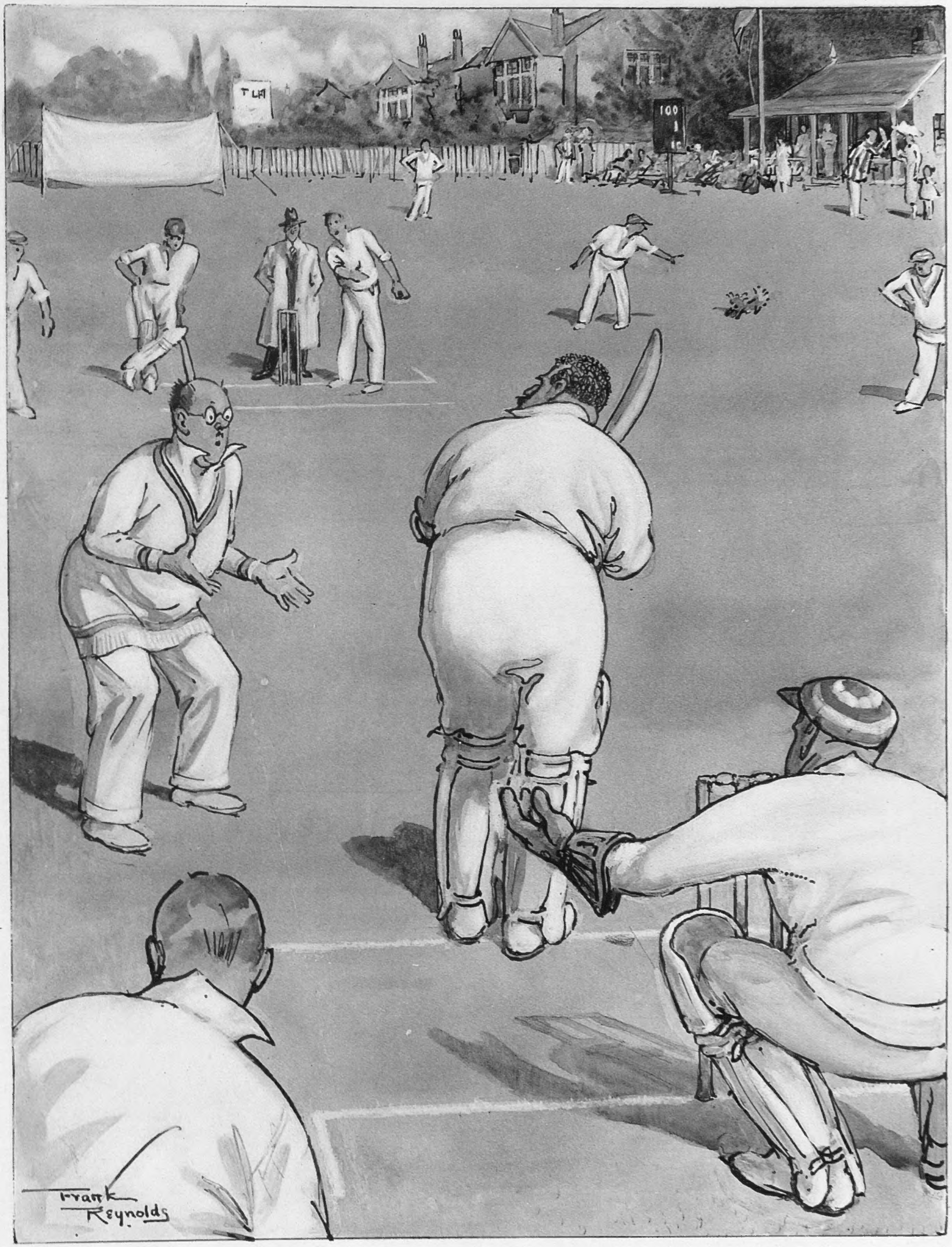
"Maybe he isn't hungry, Geoffrey."

DRAWN BY BERRY.

That is one theory of the Evil One, and, after all, it has very good authority; for are we not taught that he goeth up and down seeking whom he may devour—on the look-out, in short, for asses who exult in the fact that they are proof against lumbago? But there is quite a different school of thought about this matter. Its method of dealing with the eavesdropping fiend is very simple (if you can master it). It just denies flatly that there is any such person. It maintains that if you are *afraid* of lumbago, you will probably get it; or more generally, that the only things which are to be feared are the things which you fear. Don't fear them and you take the wind out of their sails! The cure for lumbago thus becomes a simple logical proposition: "Since there is no such thing as lumbago, lumbago can't touch me, and any tweaks which I feel, or imagine that I feel, round about the fuselage, are mere illusion." There is a great deal to be said for this counsel of perfection. I don't know that it helps very much, if you are knocked down by a bus, to say that you are not afraid of the bus; and I am always a little sceptical of those explorers who say that if you walk up to a hungry lion with a calm and condescending look in your eye, the animal will slink away with an apologetic air—because most of the explorers who have expressed this view have not survived to testify to its accuracy. But I do believe that half the things we fear (including, probably, shuffling off this mortal coil) are only alarming *because* we fear them; and so far as Beelzebub is concerned, I doubt not that if we could always show him a haughty and disdainful mien, he would be put right off his game.

However, it is difficult to pursue this policy consistently. The haunting suspicion that it is dangerous to "tempt Providence," or to give the listening imp a chance of taking you down a peg—whichever way you like to put it—is deep-seated in human nature. The Ancients had very strong views on the point. The lightning, they said, strikes the mountain-tops. Raise your head too high, and you will get a rap on it; flatter yourself on your good fortune, and the gods will soon be saying: "Oh, indeed? We 'll see about that!" The inhabitants of Olympus were quick to wrath and jealousy, and the first principle of prudence was not to provoke them. It was a sound precaution not to speak disrespectfully of things or persons that you particularly disliked or feared; you tried to keep them quiet by giving them soothing names—for instance, you called the Furies the Eumenides, and you described a notoriously stormy sea as the Euxine. This is a very common notion among all primitive peoples—never even *mention* frightening things, lest you arrest their attention! Above all, don't talk of the dead—much less say anything disparaging about them; because the dead (to the primitive mind) are extremely sour, touchy and vengeful people, and if you say a word against them they will come and haunt you and make your life a burden to you. That is probably why, to this day, we say *de mortuis nil nisi bonum,* though, of course, we don't realise why we say it.

It all seems to show that, in a mere matter of ten thousand years or so—call it twenty thousand years, if you like—we have not progressed enormously far beyond the tribal stage. Many of these notions about evil influences which are always (as they say at Bow Street) "loitering with intent," still cling to us. I share, with most of my fellow-men the weakness of believing that I am a fairly rational person, but I admit that this belief may be a pathetic delusion; anyhow, I confess that I always experience a slight shudder when I hear a man say that he has never felt so well in his life, and that all is as well as it can possibly be with him. I cannot help feeling, just as those benighted, pagan Greeks and Romans did, "Look out! There 's something coming to you, my lad!" And so often the something does seem to come, with a crash!—though I dare say that that is only because we notice the dramatic interventions of Nemesis, and forget all about the numerous occasions when men successfully defy Nemesis. It is queer, this notion of "tempting" Providence, for Providence is surely thought of, among us highly civilised persons, as a benevolent agency, not liable to spite and malice like those scallywags of Olympus. Perhaps: and yet we are still a little afraid lest this kindly Providence, when it seems most well-disposed, may not suddenly give us a back-hander. That is, of course, very foolish of us—intellectually, in fact, quite indefensible. The loitering devil is obviously the mere figment of a crude imagination; still, it may be as well to avoid giving him an opportunity, *just in case* he should be hanging about!



MR. BRISTLEWOOD FINDS HIMSELF A VICTIM OF "LEG THEORY."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

FAMILY PARTIES AT

The DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH is here seen with her elder daughter, LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT (left), her son, the EARL OF DALKEITH, and her younger daughter, LADY CAROLINE SCOTT.

Right: LADY O'NEILL, *eldest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, is with her brother*, MR. HUGO CHARTERIS.

The COUNTESS OF CARNARVON *brought her daughter,* LADY ANNE HERBERT, *to see* LORD PORCHESTER, *who is at Eton.*

This group consists of the COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE, *the* EARL OF INCHCAPE, *and the* HON. ALAN *and the* HON. JAMES MACKAY, *second and third sons of Lord Inchcape by his first marriage.*

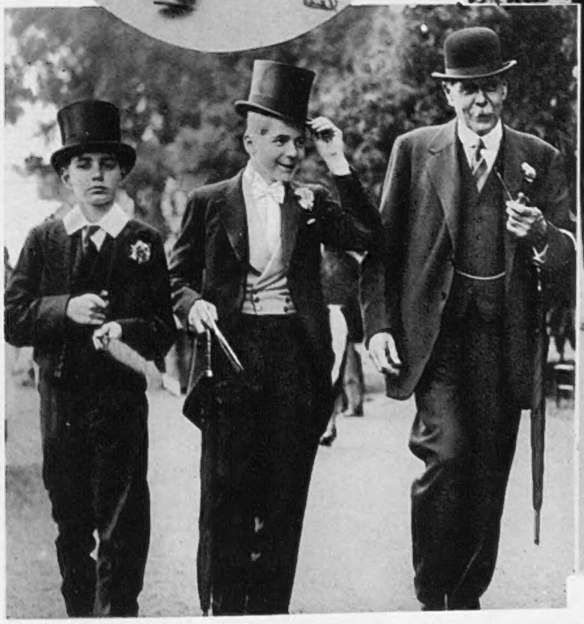
MISS MARGARET WAKE, PETER WAKE, MISS DIANA WAKE, LADY ROMAYNE CECIL, *daughter of the Marquess of Exeter, and* MISS ELIZABETH BOUTLEY *are the names of these young people seated on the grass. The Wakes are children of Sir Hereward and Lady Wake.*

ETON ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE.

LADY MARY STANLEY *(left), wife of the Hon. Algernon Francis Stanley, and sister-in-law of the Earl of Derby, with her children,* CONSTANCE MARY *and* ANTHONY HUGH STANLEY, *and a friend (right).*

Left: LADY WARRENDER, *wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Bt., with her tall son,* JOHN ROBERT WARRENDER.

LORD *and* LADY PLUNKET *were among the proud parents who assembled at Eton for the Fourth of June celebrations. Their eldest son, the* HON. PATRICK PLUNKET, *is seen on the left.*

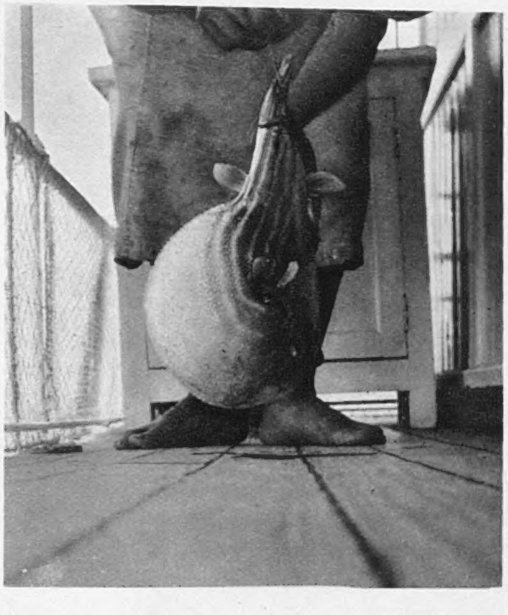


LORD TRENCHARD *and his sons, the* HON. THOMAS *(left) and the* HON. HUGH TRENCHARD, *are the trio in this Fourth of June family party.*

VISCOUNT ALTHORP *(right), only son of* EARL *and* COUNTESS SPENCER, *is very like his father.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

JUST at a time when many anglers are planning to make a fishing trip to Scotland, two books have been published which should prove most helpful. In "Angling Holidays in Scotland," Pat Castle has given more than three-score fishing centres where a holiday of a fortnight or three weeks may be spent. In each case Mr. Castle gives essential information on accommodation, fishing available, flies to use, etc., and a word or two on places of interest in the neighbourhood. In this book loch fishing preponderates, and Mr. Castle gives a very encouraging picture of practically all the waters he mentions. In most cases he states the average weight of the trout to be caught, and no one will accuse him of erring on the light side. The other book, "Rods on Fast Waters," by Alexander Wanless, treats of fishing in Scotland from an entirely different aspect. As the title suggests, the book is concerned primarily with the rivers, not lochs, and particularly those waters on which the visiting angler may fish either free or by payment of a moderate fee. Mr. Wanless gives a list of thirty rivers on which salmon and sea-trout fishing may be had very cheaply, and half the book is devoted to a comprehensive survey of Scottish club waters which offer trout-fishing to the visiting angler at trifling charges.



The TAMBERRA *is a very odd fish, to be found in Lake No, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The species are also to be found in the Bahr-el-Jebel and the White Nile. They are rare, but not exceptionally so. The word "Tamberra" is the Sudanese name for the fish, which, in the water, resembles any other type of fish, but behaves very differently when caught alive. If held up by the tail it slowly inflates until its dimensions are somewhat larger than that of an Association football. The tamberra illustrated was brought to Mr. R. G. Fiddes, of the Egyptian Irrigation Department, in the inflated condition, but when laid down on the deck of the house-barge it immediately deflated, like a punctured football bladder. Illustration No. 1 shows the fish held by the tail after it had been picked up; illustration No. 2 shows its condition after 45 seconds; and illustration No. 3 how it appeared when laid on the deck again, with the tail still held. It was then returned to the lake and quickly disappeared, apparently none the worse for its adventure.*

"Sock Him, Grandma!" Hats off to Mrs. Richard Sutton, of Kansas, U.S.A., who has landed the heaviest black marlin yet caught off Sydney, Australia. Not a bad effort for a grandmother, and it is hardly surprising that she felt tired and had to lie down after fighting this swordfish for 1 hour 37 minutes. While the fight was on, her husband, Dr. Richard Sutton, Professor of Dermatology at the University of Kansas, yelled "Sock him, grandma!" which she did, good and hard. The fish was a strong fighter, and in the first hour Mrs. Sutton did not get it near the boat. Then her husband and the others on board saw that she was hooked on to a really big fish. When landed, the swordfish scaled 324 lb., just 50 lb. heavier than the largest of the six striped marlins which Mrs. Sutton had killed while she was in New Zealand.

Tope Catches. Several members of the British Sea Anglers' Society have had sport with tope recently. At Whitsun, fifteen tope were landed off Newhaven, including two over 50 lb. each; Mr. K. H. Fuller having one of 50¼ lb., and Mr. J. H. Fenoughty one of 54 lb. On May 23, Mr. Fuller, fishing with Mr. L. S. Buttriss from the motor-boat *Pip*, had seven, weighing 244½ lb. Of these, five, including the heaviest, 48 lb., fell to Mr. Fuller's rod. However, these catches have been surpassed by two other B.S.A.S. members, fishing off the Norfolk coast on June 6. Mr. John Sturch rang me up on the following morning and told me that he had just returned from a very successful tope-fishing trip. It appears that Major H. J. Williams told him that if he wanted really good tope-fishing he should try the Wash. So on Sunday, June 6, he spent about seven hours with Major Williams, fishing off Hunstanton, and between them they landed twenty-one tope, most of which weighed between 30 lb. and 40 lb. apiece. On the previous day, Major Williams, fishing alone, had fourteen fish, and a few days earlier had twelve in one day, so there is no need to labour the fact that the Wash is not a wash-out as a tope-fishing ground. Twenty-one tope to two rods in one day must be a record, I think. Mr. Sturch told me that the tope were caught on mackerel, drifting, and in from 12 to 18 ft. of water, so they played on the surface and gave excellent sport. He also mentioned that they had several large male tope weighing nearly 40 lb., which is unusual.

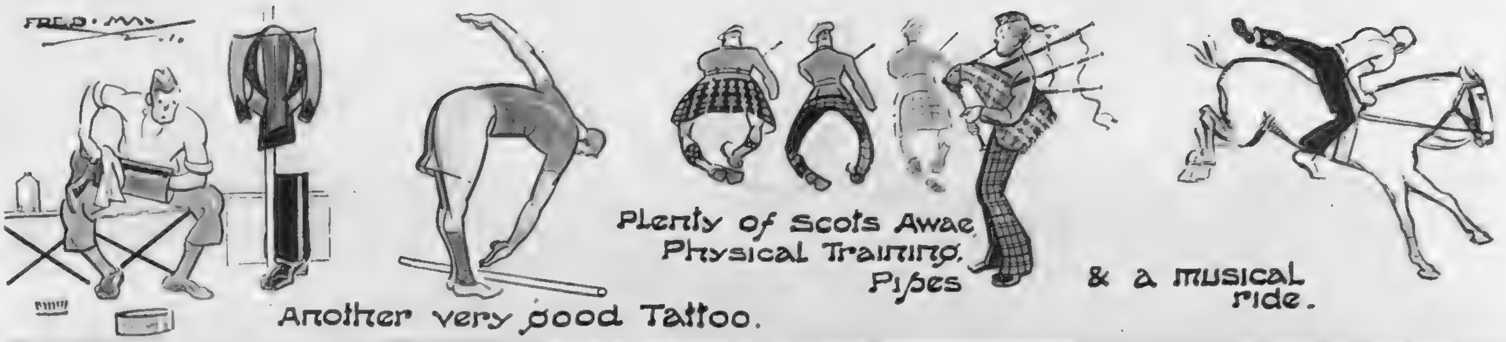
Big Fish. Despite the depletion of the stock of fish in this country by various causes, such as pollution, over-fishing, etc., it is pleasing to find that each season still produces a lengthy list of fish as big as any that were caught in "the good old days." One has only to look through the annual list of "Notable Freshwater Fish," published in the *Anglers' News*, to be convinced that there are as good fish in our rivers as ever came out of them. The latest list, including fish caught during the twelve months ending April 30, 1937, shows that the Thames and Hampshire Avon share the honours for big barbel; the Avon is well ahead of other rivers for chub over 5 lb., but the Thames more than holds its own for trout over 5 lb. The big grayling are shared between Test, Itchen, and Avon, while the Dovey is undoubtedly *the* river for big sea-trout. The bulk of the big lake trout came from Loughs Corrib and Mask, most of the large bream from the River Axe, and, strange to say, more than half the carp over 8 lb. came from the Crystal Palace lake. The river Kennet had the bulk of the dace over 1 lb. Twenty-six pike over 20 lb. were from as many different waters, and perch, roach, and tench were also well distributed. The River Wye was far ahead of other rivers for salmon of 40 lb. and over. Only in one species was a new record set up—a perch of 5 lb. 4¾ oz. caught in Stradsett Lake, Norfolk, in November last by Mr. H. Green. The previous record, 5¼ lb., had stood since 1873.

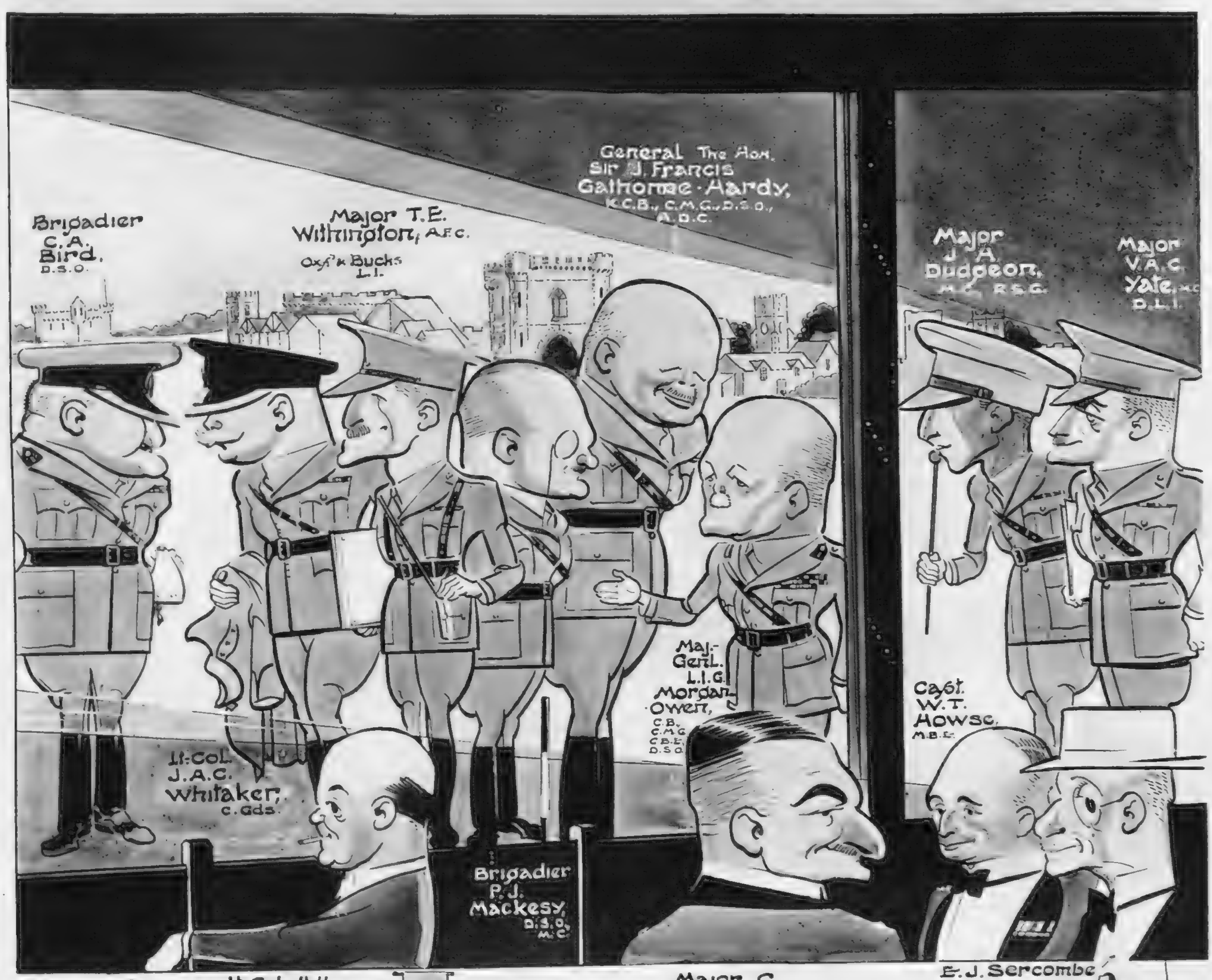
I HAVE HEARD THAT—

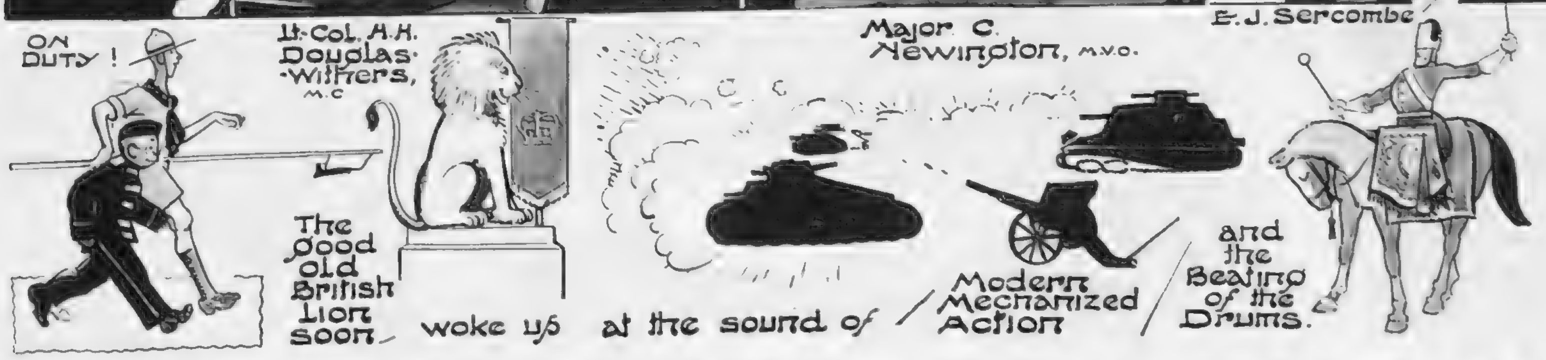
Thirty out of the sixty-three competitors in the Scottish National Trout Fishing match on Loch Leven caught forty trout between them, the remainder having blanks. An English representative fishes in this match by invitation, and this year he walked off with the Championship. This was Mr. H. E. Armstrong, secretary of the English International team, and he caught five trout, 4 lb. 9 oz.—the best Scotsman only having three trout, 3 lb. 6 oz.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.







ALDERSHOT TATTOO BACKSTAGE.

The Coronation Year ALDERSHOT TATTOO *is the best we have ever had. It is magnificent. Military efficiency and the rhythm of massed bands, massed men, and massed lights on Rushmoor Arena is such a thrill that it is impossible to forecast this year's attendance. In 1921, the year of its birth, 25,039 saw the Tattoo. In 1936, 486,500 attended. But the year that brings people from the four quarters of the globe to London will certainly top the list. Fred May has drawn some men who make the show "go." General Sir J. Francis Gathorne-Hardy, G.O.C. the Aldershot Command, is President of the Tattoo. Major Yate is O.i.C. "The Passage of the Douro," Major Withington organises the Infantry P.T. event; and Major Dudgeon is in charge of all cavalry displays.*

c

AT THE OSTERLEY PARK WEDDING RECEPTION.

The marriage of LADY ANN CHILD-VILLIERS, younger daughter of the late Earl of Jersey and of Lady Cynthia Slessor, to Mr. Alexander Henry Elliot, younger son of the late Mr. Gilbert Elliot and of Mrs. Elliot, took place at Heston Parish Church, and was followed by a reception at Osterley Park. FELICIA LAMB (in Victorian dress), who was a bridesmaid, and her sister, HENRIETTA LAMB, daughters of Mr. Henry and Lady Pansy Lamb, took a look at the swans and the cygnet.

MR. CHARLES FANE and the HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL paddled a punt on the lake.

MISS JACQUELINE PARAVICINI (daughter of H.E. the Swiss Minister) and MR. COSMO RUSSELL were guests.

MISS DU PLESSIS, MR. JAMES CARNEGIE, and the HON. PAMELA BERRY, daughter of Lord Kemsley, were guests.

Left: The MASTER OF CARNEGIE, one of the pages, enjoyed the ices at the reception.

The EARL OF JERSEY, who gave his sister away, had a chat with his oldest tenant.

MR. ALEXANDER ELLIOT and his bride, LADY ANN CHILD-VILLIERS, looked ideally happy as they toasted each other at the reception. Her white orchid head-dress was most becoming.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

CREATOR OF LORD PETER WIMSEY: MISS DOROTHY L. SAYERS.

MISS DOROTHY L. SAYERS, M.A., *is one of the leading detective-story writers of the day. She is here seen at work at the "Detection Club," in Gerrard Street. Her famous "sleuth," Lord Peter Wimsey, has been brought to life on the stage in "Busman's Honeymoon," at the Comedy; and the play, in its book form, has just been published by Gollancz. Last week a religious play by her, "The Zeal of Thy House," was presented in Canterbury Cathedral. In private life, Miss Sayers is Mrs. Oswald Atherton Fleming.*

HELEN JACOBS ON CHAMPIONS AND LAWN TENNIS.

LAWN TENNIS has become such a specialised game that it is difficult for the thousands of spectators who watch the Wimbledon Championships to imagine how the champions who play ever find time for anything else but practice and competition. The season continues, in one place or another, throughout the year, and it is now possible for the enthusiast to play from Wimbledon to

MLLE. JEDRZEJOWSKA, (R.) *the Polish girl champion, met* MISS ALICE MARBLE, *the U.S.A. girl champion, in the final of the St. George's Hill Lawn Tennis Tournament at Weybridge, and won by 3—6, 6—4, 6—3.*

Wimbledon ! In the early days of my lawn tennis experience I used to practise all winter long, start my season in May, and compete in tournaments through October. But as my game improved and I began to last to the end of the tournaments, I found my keenness to play less evident when I entered for the later tournaments, so I reduced the number in which I played by half. During the last three years I have seldom touched a racket during the winter. Apparently, the result has been an improvement in my game, but actually it is my eagerness to play which has sharpened my strokes for important matches.

Continuous Competition as a Tonic.

Anita Lizana evidently has found that only continuous competition brings her game to its highest level. It is difficult for me to remember a single week when she has not found a tournament in which to play. Of them all, there are few that she has lost. This must have increased her confidence tremendously, and it only remains to be seen how fresh her game will be towards the end of the Wimbledon fortnight. She enjoys every moment on the court, or so it appears to those who watch her, and certainly her style of game makes competition less of a task to her than to most players. Kay Stammers used to play too much. Her game requires a great deal of energy and concentration, and she can only produce her best form when her tournament tennis has been reasonably limited. Realising this, she has curtailed her winter competition, riding horseback as a change, which has proved to be quite welcome. As a result, her game has recovered its unlaborious sting and its finesse.

A Player Without Nerves.

Of all the best women players, Jadwiga Jedrzejowska seems most indifferent to an excess of tournament play. Neither does she seem to mind a lack of practice on a particular surface. For example, she came to England after the French Championships, and, with practically no practice on grass, proceeded to win the tournament at St. George's Hill, defeating Alice Marble in the final. As far as I have discovered, she has no nerves in competitive play, and never abandons her efforts to take and hold the offensive from the beginning of a match. No player gets more real pleasure out of hard hitting, and yet she is not unaware of the value of the drop-shot and the slow, short, cross-court shot. When she is in practice she is apt to be very steady, but even then her steadiness is not consistent enough over a long match to be an outstanding feature of her game. When she hits out, it is more likely to be by several feet than by several inches.

It is interesting that, in the midst of so many tennis games exemplifying the Continental manner of play, "Jed" should have developed a game on the California style. She hits a typically Western forehand drive, a serve very much like those of the California girls, and slightly more reliable. She is never afraid to take a chance when the game is going against her. I have often seen her work herself in from a bad start merely by continuing to hit the ball hard, regardless of the fact that she was giving point after point to her opponent. Being content to do this, she has snatched a great many important matches out of the fire in the third set. I have seen "Jed's" strokes break up, but never her determination. From the time that she began to win several of the large winter and spring tournaments, she developed a form of concentration which is deceptive to the spectators and most of her opponents. She appears to take a great interest in the gallery; to find her matches amusing; to long to bring the spectators into the spirit of the play; but she never relaxes, nor is her attention in reality diverted from the job in hand.

Avoiding Staleness.

What she does to take her mind off the game, to prevent herself from becoming hopelessly stale, I don't know, for she, like Anita Lizana, seems always to be playing in tournaments. Perhaps this is the reason she has never quite found her best form at Wimbledon. This and the fact that she is a better hard-court than grass-court player. There is no doubt in my own mind that too much tennis eventually takes its toll. It is wiser to build up to the important tournaments, if one has serious aspirations, than to allow the smaller, early season tournaments to assume undue proportions; to sap one's energy and take the fine edge off one's keenness. It is generally the slightly stale player who becomes a bundle of nerves at Wimbledon.

MR. E. J. FILBY, (R.) *with (to quote "The Times") "remarkable strokes of aggression that may mark the turning-point in his endeavours," won the men's singles at St. George's Hill. In the semi-final he defeated* MR. C. R. D. TUCKEY, *the British Davis Cup player, and our second string for the singles in the challenge round in July; and in the final he beat Mr. C. R. Harris, ranked No. 8 in the U.S.A.*

RAILWAY TERMINUS AND BARN DANCE BALLETS BY THE PHILADELPHIANS.

"THE BARN DANCE," *a ballet in one act by Catherine Littlefield, who is also responsible for the choreography, is in the répertoire of the* PHILADELPHIA BALLET, *which was due to open at the London Hippodrome last night, June 15, after appearing in Paris. The ballet was formed some two and a half years ago by Catherine Littlefield, when the Philadelphia Opera Company, of which she was* prima ballerina, *was disbanded.*

"TERMINAL," *a ballet of burlesque scenes of American life, set in a railway terminus to music by Herbert Kingsley, with choreography by Catherine Littlefield. The policeman is here trying to stop the porters' game of "craps."*

Coloured folk are introduced into one of the episodes of "TERMINAL," *the railway terminus ballet, set to red-hot jazz music.*

CATHERINE LITTLEFIELD, *former* prima ballerina *of the Philadelphia Opera Company, was encouraged by Leopold Stokowsky, former director of the Opera Company, to start her own ballet company. No member of it is over twenty-five years of age.*

Left: Another scene in "TERMINAL." *A singer in search of fresh laurels is about to entrain in the West Coast express.*

TRY THESE AT HOME! "GYM" CLASS BY BRITAIN'S PERFECT SPECIMENS.

Forward lying—arms, head, neck and chest lifting. An exercise for CORRECTING TENDENCY TO STOOP AND ROUND SHOULDERS.

Head, shoulders and hands support, cycle movement. Excellent for THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES AND GOOD FOR THE DIGESTION.

Stride standing, arm swinging across front of body out and up, with trunk turning. Hips and legs still. TO EXERCISE CHEST, SPINE AND SHOULDER—HELPS CARRIAGE.

Stride standing and trunk bending sideways. One arm left quite loose. FOR THE SPINE AND ALSO THE CHEST.

BALANCE EXERCISE FOR TWO. *Notice hand grip—which secures good hold if hands are slippery.*

Hand support — leg swinging. TO MAKE HIP JOINTS SUPPLE.

ON this page we reproduce some of a set of stills captioned by Mr. R. E. Roper, the physical training specialist who is supervising the "gym" movements in the new health series of pictures now being produced by Gaumont-British Instructional, starring Barbara Allen and Don Stannard, directed by Donald Carter. The "actors" were selected by the National Advisory Council for Physical Recreative Training as perfect specimens of British youth. Miss Barbara Allen, of Haywards Heath, is eighteen, and Mr. Don Stannard, of Southend-on-Sea, is twenty-one.

Right: Stride standing, arms raising sideways upwards, to standing on tiptoe. GOOD FOR BREATHING AND BALANCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

THE HEAD OF 6,000 WOMEN.

MISS PRUNELLA STACK, *the beautiful young leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, arranged to head the procession of six thousand women in the Coronation pageant of the League at the Empire Stadium, Wembley, on Saturday, June 12. The programme included exercises for waists, shoulders, breathing and circulation; the Italian dance, with scarves and tambourines; exercises for feet and legs; tap dancing; and a Pyrrhic dance. Decorative costumes were worn for the different items.*

TALES WITH A STING.

"PLUSH" MONEY.

By DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

"FIVE hundred quid *and* in one-pound notes," said the voice of Fardie, the blackmailer.

"It 's too much," muttered the big man in despair. "It 'll put me in a terrible hole."

"Do *I* care ?" Fardie jeered. "I got you where I want you, understand, an' I know you can find it."

"But if you could spread it out——"

"No," rapped Fardie. "In the lump, or those letters go where they pain you most—an' you know where that 'll be ! And the whole whack is to be handed to me by the three pines—the Three Sisters, they call 'em—on Bagger Heath. You know 'em ?"

"But they 're in the middle of empty common land," the big man protested. "A mile from anywhere."

"*And* on a hill," Fardie mocked. "*And* to-morrow will be a full moon, and you bring the money to me at 11 p.m., when that moon will be at its brightest. . . . Get me ? I shall be able to see you coming for that mile, see you 're alone, be able to make sure you aren't up to any funny business."

"As if I would," the other groaned, "you having those letters of mine."

"I don't think you will, because heaven help you if you do—you know just what those letters will bring to a respectable alderman and his family, an' I 'm no mug to give any chances to a double-crosser. Remember that. Better come on to the Heath by the Woodside Road."

"I couldn't come any other," the big man said. "It 's my nearest way. And, well—if I bring the money, you 'll have my letters ready to hand over ?"

"Don't *you* worry. Play fair and I play fair. . . . But try tricks, an' the Lord help you. . . . Just bite on that and get it all straight again. Five hundred in one-pound notes, an' remember, I 'm going to count 'em, so dummies won't do ; eleven o'clock to-morrow night to the tick, by the three pines on Bagger Heath. And again, remember that smash and gaol will be the only things you get if you try funny stuff. . . . Now, wait here till I get clear."

As Fardie slid off into the darkness of the evening, Pusey hugged himself. It had been just luck picking up Fardie as he left Bagger railway station, but the rest had been brains. Pusey was a crook, too, not of Fardie's sly, slippery type, but a strong-arm man, generally picked by such as Fardie to do their rough-house jobs. But Pusey wasn't without wits, either.

He had known that Fardie was after a sucker from the way the man walked, more slinky and anxious to keep out of the public eye than ever. Pusey had trailed him, sure that there was something in the air. When Fardie had slipped into a public house, and taken three stiff shots of whisky as a bracer, Pusey had known for sure that a plucking was in the air. He 'd followed the blackmailer through the rural suburb to this deserted square, saw him take his seat on the bench against the railings of the gardens in the middle, and had shinned over those railings and hidden himself in the laurels right behind Fardie, long before his victim came up. So he had heard all there was to hear, and it was worth hearing.

Five hundred quid in one-pound notes—it was a sitter. The notes were not merely non-traceable, but the very circumstances of the case would prevent the despoiled victim raising a hue and cry. It was money for jam ; even the circumstances of the meeting were going to make the robbery easy. Pusey knew Bagger Heath well, knew the little fringe of trees that gave its name to the Woodside Road. At eleven o'clock at night that patch of trees was as deserted as the valleys of the moon ; while, thanks to their shade, not even Fardie, waiting at the three pines, could see what went on there. He had only to make sure of Fardie's victim and lie in wait for him.

Easy enough that; he had studied the man as he came up to Fardie, and, as Fardie left, he nipped across the gardens and out of them, so that he could pick up the man as he went off. He memorised the figure under every lamp. A big man, almost as big as Pusey himself, but more bulky about the waist-line, and walking with a quick, slightly shuffling gait. No need to study the man's face after mastering that walk of his. He could pick it up in a crowd . . .

There was no crowd at ten-forty next night, when the man turned off the Woodside Road and pushed through the belt of trees towards the open heath. Pusey, who had been waiting amid the shadows, recognised that quick shuffle even before the light of the last lamp revealed the bulk and shape he had expected. Pusey slid from shadow to shadow, like the hunting animal he was, until he had the chap where he wanted him. The only sound Pusey made as he came up to his victim was when the rubber "cosh" stick connected with the head. And, a master of his job, one blow was all that was necessary. The man crumpled to the grass without a groan.

The notes were in the side pockets : ten packets of fifty, all neat and elastic-banded, and all sound money—Pusey even grinned his thanks to Fardie for throwing the fear of dummies into the mutt. Five hundred of the best, lifted with ease and without risk. It was the plushiest steal of Pusey's career.

He left his victim lying where he was, not even bothering about what Fardie would do when the man failed to show up. He walked casually back to his lodgings, dreaming of all the things he 'd do with so much good cash. He did not even think of finding a new hide-out, the thing was as foolproof as all that.

When he reached the brightly lit streets he felt it was both safe and natural to slip into a pub to celebrate. He wasn't a heavy drinker, and he was too wise to go on the binge now, but he deserved a couple of quick ones for so neat a piece of work. He stripped a note from one of the packets in his pocket, for he was too careful to show money in bulk, and paid for his drink. He paid for a second with another one ; he knew the advantages of having ready change in his pockets. As he 'd guessed, there was no fuss about the notes—nobody within human knowledge ever troubled to take the numbers of one-pounders. The barman scarcely looked his way as he carried the money back to his till at the rear and brought the change.

But maybe Pusey was wrong to overlook the mirrors that line the backs of bars, or the over-casualness of the barman, or the fact that he went out to fetch new bottles of something, for he was gone long enough to telephone a description. Something like that must have happened, anyhow, for when Pusey stepped out of the bar, O'Hare of the C.I.D., with a mate as hefty closed in on him, and bore him off to the Bagger Heath police station.

"What you up to ?" Pusey blustered. "You got nothing on me."

"Only five hundred quid that needs a little explanation," grinned O'Hare.

"I got them honest," Pusey said stoutly. "I got 'em backing an outsider at the big race two days ago, an' you can't prove otherwise."

"One-pound notes being untraceable ?" mocked O'Hare.

"That 's so," Pusey said. "Where 's your evidence they ain't mine ?"

"We thought of that, too," said O'Hare. "An' the first charge against you is for 'uttering and passing' snide notes."

"Me ! That 's a lie. They 're perfectly good notes, they——"

"You needn't argue about it," O'Hare said. "Patent Leather Wells got seven years for making them, and even at that they weren't good enough to fool a barman. Haven't you heard of the old trick of rubbing a wet finger over the back of a note ? If the ink comes away it 's a fake. As all your five hundred are. We know——"

"You ! 'Ow ?" gasped Pusey.

"We supplied 'em to the Alderman you took 'em off," O'Hare chuckled. "Just a trick of ours to catch Fardie. The second charge against you will be assaulting and robbing the Alderman."

"I—here, have a heart. You can't rob no one of snide," Pusey began to wail.

"That don't make any difference," O'Hare said. "Except to make *us* angrier. If it hadn't been for you, we 'd have had Fardie by now. As it is, I guess we 'd better make the third charge 'accessory to blackmail.' Yeh, you deserve to be socked good and hard for spoiling our plan, and you will be."

"And I called this a sitter," Pusey groaned to himself as they led him to cells. [THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

FINE WEATHER NEWBURY.

BARON DE TUYLL *and* LADY DIGBY *at the Newbury Summer Cup meeting, held in lovely weather.*

MRS. REGGIE SHEFFIELD *wore one of the fashionable turned-up sailor hats.*

MISS ROSALEEN FORBES, *débutante daughter of the Hon. Donald and Mrs. Forbes, with* MISS DIANA CLARKE *(right).*

The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORT, LADY SOPHIE SCOTT, *the* DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, *and* SIR "JOCK" DELVES-BROUGHTON *(l. to r.) were well-known racing people present.*

MRS. ALEX ABEL SMITH, MRS. ARTHUR CORBET, *and* LADY MOUNT, *the wife of Sir William Mount, Bt., are the trio in this snapshot.*

MISS DIANA LLOYD *wore a hat that was little more than a bandeau and a bit of net—but, for all that, a very good hat.*

VISCOUNTESS FURNESS *had her initials on a broad black belt. The "E" stands for "Enid," her Christian name.*

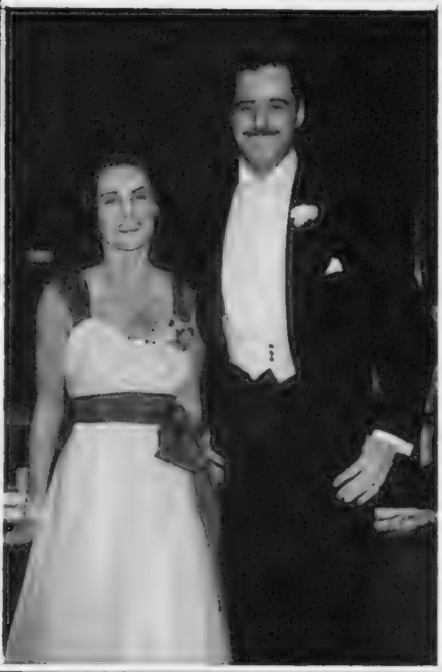
MRS. KENNETH WAGG, *formerly Miss Katherine Horlick, went racing in a very chic hat and a military-looking coat.*

ROSE BALL BOUQUET.

AT the Rose Ball the Duchess of Kent was presented with a programme on whose cover were an embroidered pink crêpe-de-Chine Alexandra rose with a crown and the Duchess's initials. The other programmes were in the form of a wild rose, and could be used as fans. Lady Plunket and her partner gave an exhibition dance; and Miss Vacani's pupils presented a Rose Ballet.

The Rose Ball at Grosvenor House, in aid of Alexandra Day Funds, was honoured by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *is coming in to supper with* LORD EBBISHAM.

The HON. EDDIE *and the Hon. George Ward, twin brothers of the Earl of Dudley, were guests. The Hon. Eddie Ward (we believe) is the twin seen with* MISS SANDRA RAMBEAU.



Right: The HON. GEORGE WARD *(we understand) is the twin Ward shown with* LADY PLUNKET, *who gave an exhibition dance to entertain the guests.*

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN, MR. MICHAEL CRICHTON, MISS ZARA MAINWARING, SIR ANTHONY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE, BT., MISS MERLE OBERON, LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE, MR. VINCENT PARAVICINI, *and* MRS. VINCENT PARAVICINI *(left to right).*

LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY *was one of the young dancing men. He is lighting a cigarette for one of the rose-programme sellers,* MISS MARY FORESTER.

LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY *and* MISS ELEANOR KEITH *(right) are obtaining from* MR. LEGGE-BANKE *their stock of programmes, which could be used as fans, to distribute among the guests.*

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

DRESSED FOR THEIR DANCE: THE MISSES FRANCES AND IONA McCLEAN.

The MISSES FRANCES *and* IONA McCLEAN *are the débutante daughters of Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, Henley-on-Thames. They were presented at a recent Court and their mother is giving a dance for them on June 21, at which they will wear white net dresses over white satin, embroidered with diamanté. Miss Frances McClean's is made in a sheathlike style; and her sister, Miss Iona's, has a bouffant skirt.*

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent is represented by two exhibits in the Society of Women Artists' Exhibition at the R.I. Galleries. This charcoal drawing is called "Study."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THOUGH hostesses "slowed down" a trifle over the big official parties last week we did not get much of a breather before the thrills, fatigues, and fun of Ascot, for smaller entertainments kept us on the move day and night.

The dances were among the best we have had so far. The magnificent ball given by Mrs. Edward Compton, Mrs. Crocker Bulteel, and Mrs. George Drummond was followed by Lady Violet Astor's, a festivity also graced by the presence of royalty, for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester came, having dined first with the hostess. The Duchess looked very young in an all-white dress, worn with a small, pointed tiara. The guests at the dinner included the Halifaxes, the Hampdens, and the Duchess of Northumberland, as well as young people, such as the Ladies Elizabeth and Diana Percy. Lady Bessborough, who wore wonderful jewels, brought her daughter; and the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe were also present.

The Astor dance was for the Duchess of Gloucester's cousin, Miss Moyra Scott, daughter of Lord and Lady Francis Scott who spend nearly all their time in Kenya, but are at home for Coronation season). Lady Francis Scott is one of the lovely sisters of Lord Minto and Lady Violet Astor, and the latter has always done a lot for her girls. Pamela Scott came out from Aunt Violet's house in Carlton House Terrace, and now Moyra has enjoyed the same privilege.

Though on "Garden Party day" the weather was not too good, it kept reasonably fine. It was amusing that the Theatrical Garden Party and that given by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster in College Gardens to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury were on the same day, as some confusion was created by members of different circles referring to events at *the* Garden Party and meaning different entertainments. The Church festivity was the second clerical effort, as the Archbishop of Canterbury had previously had a party in Lambeth Palace Gardens, which few of us realised were so lovely, as unless you move in Church circles you don't often get a peep in! Guests included important Overseas and Dominion visitors, such as the Sultan of Johore and his Scottish wife, who has such wonderful jewels to dazzle us with at the opera. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Mrs. Carnegie, and the Stradbrokes were also to be seen.

The dance given by Mrs. Lindsay Everard for her girl was never overcrowded, in spite of the number of guests, as so many of the rooms at Claridge's were open to sit out in. The hostess set a new fashion by wearing black and silver lamé with a short-sleeved coat over it, and I thought her girl, Bettyne Lindsay Everard, looked lovely in shell pink.

A feature of the dance was provided by the number of fathers present. These included Colonel George Akers Douglas, who was there with his wife, his son Anthony, who went off the next morning to rejoin his regiment in India, and Angela Akers Douglas, who looked nice in almond green. The flowers on the supper-tables were rather unusual, as they consisted of red roses and purple scabious, while the other rooms were decorated with the more ordinary red and pink colour-scheme.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *paid a visit to the sale of antiques at 5, Great Stanhope Street, in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, and purchased several objects, including two flower pictures and a pair of tall glass vases.*

Lady Carisbrooke, in an imposing tiara, brought Lady Iris Mountbatten, attired in white, like her mother. Baroness Beaumont had her Marigold, and Lady McClean, who is one of the best-looking of the 1937 mothers, was accompanied by her two girls. The McClean dance for Frances and Iona is taking place on June 21 and is likely to be very successful as the girls are popular and Lady McClean has mobilised at least fifty dinner hostesses, who include the Lady Mayoress, Lady Broadbridge. The McClean girls were presented the other night and wore white tulle frocks beautifully embroidered with diamanté, and carried bouquets of lilies of the valley. They are going to wear these dresses at their own dance, as they are so particularly becoming.

The Winning Post dinner ball is on the same night as the McClean ball and is likely to be a successful affair, as the Duke of Gloucester has promised to be present at the dinner, which is to be followed by dancing, a cabaret, bridge, and side-shows. Lady Ellesmere had intended to work hard for this festivity, but she and her daughter, Lady Alice, and several of the staff of Bridgewater House have been down with a mild form of food poisoning, so she has had to let her daughters, Lady Susan Askew and the Ladies Margaret and Mary Egerton, "take over."

All the race-going people are helping, and Mrs. Washington Singer had a tea-party to talk about it on Wednesday last. She herself looked cool and charming in pink linen, and gave some songs from her repertoire after the business side of the affair was over.

Music brings me to the fact that we have not yet forgotten the lovely evening at the Austrian Minister's, with Elizabeth Schumann to sing

VISCOUNT BRIDPORT, *great-nephew of the late Sir Alexander Nelson Hood, has inherited from him the title of Duke of Brontë, originally bestowed on his great ancestor, Lord Nelson, together with the lands of the Duchy in Sicily. He is shown with* VISCOUNTESS BRIDPORT, *formerly Miss Pamela Baker. The dukedom was granted to Nelson in 1801, and does not necessarily pass to the inheritor of the other honours*

to us. She was at her very best and gave some English ballads as well as selections from "Nozze di Figaro," etc. The orchestra was conducted by Hans Oppenheim, from Glyndebourne, and the programme was perfectly balanced. The Athlones came, she in soft cyclamen mauve; and I observed that the Prime Minister of South Africa sat happily on the stairs so as not to interrupt the music when he arrived rather late.

. . . . .

Mrs. Claude Beddington, General and Frau von Wenninger, Lady (Guy) Campbell, and other music-lovers also assembled at the party given by Mme. Sinding-Larsen and Mrs. Olaf Amundsen, to hear Mme. Larsen and some of her pupils sing, and Professor Stanislas Frydberg, the distinguished violinist. A fine example of Mr. Sinding-Larsen's stained glass was hung in the hall and beautifully lit to show the glowing jewel-like colours, and he not only introduced the artists, but gave duets with Miss Doris Charrington.

MISS BETTYNE EVERARD *wore this beautiful dress at her coming-out dance at Claridge's. She is the daughter of Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, M.P., and Mrs. Lindsay Everard.*

. . . . .

Eton College has been celebrating Coronation Year nobly. Twice within a week the historic halls and class-rooms echoed with laughter and music, for following the junketings of the "Fourth of June" the Provost and Fellows were at home the other Tuesday to overseas visitors. Nearly five hundred guests were received by Lord Hugh Cecil, the Provost, and Mr. Martin, the Vice-Provost, the Headmaster, and Lower Master at the entrance of the school yard. Other masters, their wives, and the Dames acted as conductors, and marshalled small groups of guests in truly professional manner through the various parts of the college. The Chapel was the first place to be visited, and the lower form class-rooms, with walls smothered in carved signatures, fascinated many visitors. Tea was served in the College Hall and Cloisters, while the band of the "Blues" provided music. In the Hall guests sat at the long tables, which were adorned with the College silver cups and trophies.

H.M. THE QUEEN *wore a simple and most becoming hat when she attended the ceremony of Trooping the Colour. She is seen in an open carriage, with* H.M. QUEEN MARY, *leaving the Horse Guards Parade.*

The ghost of Jane Shore was another attraction, and though she could not be called up to satisfy overseas curiosity and interest, guests were enthralled by the custodian's story and by the fact that some of the masters' wives asserted that Jane's ghost really *does* haunt the room in which she was imprisoned! The afternoon ended with the choice of watching cricket or attending evensong in the Chapel, the latter exercising the stronger attraction, partly, perhaps, because Dr. Henry Ley, who was at the organ in the Abbey during the Coronation, was playing.

Many guests were presented to Princess Alice and to Lord Athlone, and the Desboroughs, the Hartingtons, Lady Beatrice Gore, Lord and Lady Francis Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bruce, and other notable people were present.

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The Sculpture Private View at the Greatorex was another event of the week. Mr. Courtney Pollock is showing Women and Men of Fame and Beauty. Among these we may see Dietrich, lovely and enigmatic as a mask and a bust. There are heads of Betty Stockfeld, Edna Best, Victoria Hopper, Mme. Levinskaya, the pianist, Lady Elibank in her coronet, the Emperor Haile Selassie, and others. People at the private view included Lady Elibank, Lord Duveen, Mrs. Claude Beddington, Professor and Mme. Levinskaya-Antonoff, Prince Milo of Montenegro, and Mrs. le Marchant.

. . . . .

The débutantes are so Tyrol-minded that Mrs. Denys Prideaux-Brune decided to give them a miniature Biergarten in the garden of 23, Knightsbridge, where she gave her daughter Cynthia's coming-out ball. A musician in costume from Mitteleuropa played his harmonica, while the young dancing men became froth-blowers. In the ballroom Jack Harris was "doing his stuff" as expertly as ever, and the huge urns filled with every flower in bloom were much admired. On the stairs and in the sitting-out rooms the flower scheme was all pink. The hostess received in what she described as "just a matronly gold lamé," when a friend admired her dress, and Cynthia was in severe white satin—her Court dress, which has a rustling taffeta petticoat.

Mrs. Clive Benson's dinner included Lady Kitty Cole, one of the débutante headliners, and Miss Rosaleen Forbes. Mrs. Mason, wife of Lord Blackford's heir and a dance hostess of this week, brought an all-Dorset and Somerset party of County debs. Mrs. Denton Carlisle's dinner-party was quite sophisticated, consisting entirely of ex-debs, including her beautiful daughter, Bridget Smiley.

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Last words are that we have been promised a neat Ascot, with no flowing robes to sweep the damp or dusty grass, but trim imprimés under tailored coats—but I 'll believe this Great Reformation when I see it. MARIEGOLD

H.I.H. PRINCESS CHICHIBU OF JAPAN *and* H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *honoured the Japan Society's garden-party by their presence, and are here seen with some of the Japanese girls in their national dress. Prince Chichibu and the Duke of Gloucester were also present.*

ROYAL COUSINS IN THE R.N. *v.* R.A.F. POLO MATCH.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER *took part in his first tournament polo match for some years when he played No. 1 for the Royal Air Force against the Royal Navy at Ranelagh. H.R.H. is on the left in this fine action snapshot.*

The R.N. team consisted of (l. to r.) LIEUT.-COM. E. J. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE, COMMANDER LAMBE, LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, *and* COMMANDER SIM.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER *is here in conversation with his cousin,* LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *(right), who played No. 3 for the Royal Navy.*

The R.A.F. team consisted of (l. to r.) H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, FLT.-LIEUT. R. L. BRADFORD, AIR VICE-MARSHAL J. E. BALDWIN, *and* FLT.-LIEUT. C. G. HILL.

The Royal Navy won the Duke of York's Cup, which was presented to COMMANDER LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *by his cousin by marriage,* H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

KING GEORGE VI. AT THE FIRST TROOPING THE COLOUR OF HIS REIGN.

This splendid equestrian portrait of KING GEORGE VI. *was taken at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour held last week in brilliant sunshine in honour of his birthday, and for the first time in his reign. Actually, his Majesty's birthday is on December 14. The charger the King rode is Cobham, a celebrated animal which has participated in the last four birthday trooping parades. He carried King Edward VIII. last year, and also the two previous years, when, as Prince of Wales, he acted for King George V. Cobham is a former Metropolitan Police horse, trained at Imber Court.*

THE NEW BRITISH WOMAN GOLF CHAMPION; AND BATH CLUB PLAYERS.

Left: MAJOR "IAN HAY" BEITH, *novelist and playwright, competed in the Bath Club tournament.*

MR. H. R. SHUREY *(left), with* MR. *and* MRS. HUGO FLEURY, *were among those who assembled at Prince's, Sandwich, for the Bath Club contest.*

MR. JOHN GILLIATT *(left) is going out to play with* MR. F. C. BENNETT, *who lost to Mr. Zair in the final.* MRS. BENNETT *is on the right.*

MR. R. W. ZAIR *(right), a one-handicap man, won the Bath Club Tournament, repeating his success of 1931. He is with* MRS. ZAIR *and* SIR WILLIAM GOWERS.

Left: MISS JESSIE ANDERSON, *the twenty-two-year-old Scottish player from Perth, met her compatriot, Miss Doris Park, in the final of the British Women's Open Championship at Turnberry, and beat her by 6 and 4. Both finalists are daughters of professionals.*

Right: MISS DORIS PARK, *the thirty-three-year-old Scottish player of Gullane, who holds the title of Scottish Champion, met her compatriot, Miss Jessie Anderson, in the final of the British Women's Open Championship at Turnberry, and lost to her by 6 and 4.*

WHAT CAN THIS BE FOR?

DRAWN BY FELIX DE GRAY

OUR YOUNGEST PRINCESS: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA HELEN ELIZABETH OLGA CHRISTABEL OF KENT, to give our youngest Princess her full quota of names, is the daughter of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent. She was born on Christmas Day, 1936, and is some fourteen months younger than her brother, H.R.H. Prince Edward of Kent, who was born on October 9, 1935.

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH VIVEX PRINT BY MADAME YEVONDE.

"LE GAMIN AU CHIEN."

FROM THE PAINTING BY MANET; SHOWN AT THE VERY SUCCESSFUL EXHIBITION OF 19TH-CENTURY PAINTING HELD, IN OCTOBER 1936, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH ART AND TRAVEL SOCIETY.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFREDO VALENTE

MERLE OBERON TO BE "RED SHOES."

MERLE OBERON, *the beautiful British screen star, has now fully recovered from her car accident and is all ready to begin her new film, which is to have a Russian Ballet setting. It is called* "RED SHOES," *after the fairy-tale of the girl who wore red shoes that made her dance without ceasing; and is the story of a granddaughter of a première danseuse of the Imperial Russian Ballet. It will be Merle's first film in colour, and it is to be directed by Dr. Ludwig Berger.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

DANISH hospitality countered a sad breakdown of Danish weather in its receipt of the Players at Elsinore. The Players were the Old Vic team, led by Mr. Laurence Olivier, the first English actors to play "HAMLET" in English on his "home-ground." The idea was to utilise the vast courtyard of the Kronborg, the castle at Elsinore which was contemporary with Shakespeare and where Shakespeare must have visualised the ghost walking and the "bloat king" Claudius enthroned.

You may say that the castle has nothing to do with the original Prince Amleth of the saga. True, but neither has Shakespeare's Hamlet. For Amleth and his father, Horvendile, are misty and primæval figures, moving in a kind of scene best typified by Stonehenge on a foggy night; whereas Shakespeare's Hamlet is a clear-cut portrait of a studious post-graduate of his own period, who knows not only the ways of Wittenberg (and, no doubt, the wenches), but the theatrical politics of Southwark as well; he also knows the London of Essex and Elizabeth quite as well as the Denmark of Claudius and Gertrude.

So Hamlet has a right to walk and talk in the Danish castle which was being built long after Amleth's disappearance and in the time of Shakespeare's life. A play of such variety and subtlety does not gain by exposure to the wind and the rain and the chilly air that lingers o' nights on the cobblestones of castle yards. But there was a genuine excitement in hearing the familiar lines spoken amid this unfamiliar grandeur of resounding Elsinore itself and seeing the familiar figures play out their mighty tragedy on a platform set where some Polonius once prattled, some Ophelia once yearned, some Claudius once drank his draughts of Rhenish and indulged in the "reechy kisses" that were the prize of murderous guilt.

Washed out of the rain-swept courtyard on their first night, the Old Vic company gallantly improvised a performance in the hotel ballroom where they themselves were being "well bestowed." This was a gallant venture; it was "busking" in the true Elizabethan manner. It was also an artistic success. Shakespeare's plays stand up to all sorts and conditions of performance. Let there be a spirit, a voice, and a passion, and the place matters little. Mr. Guthrie's production in the Kronborg on the following evening made majestic pageantry, with the advantages of space and distance and the background of the great, grey walls. Mr. Olivier's "Hamlet" in the ballroom was, by contrast, a brilliant "close-up." The Danish audience had the best of both worlds.

"YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER," *at the St. James's. Ellen Murray* (JESSICA TANDY) *and Douglas Hall* (ALEC CLUNES)—*for reasons into which we need not go here—decide to spend a week-end together.*

What a brilliant actress is Miss Marie Ney! Her performance in "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD," at the Haymarket, is an exquisite and most sensitive picture of a woman torn between duty and delight. Her duty lies with an invalid husband (Mr. Keneth Kent), her pleasure with his friend; and not unnaturally, for Mr. Hartley Power makes him a most charming fellow. To create a quadrangular problem, the husband, suffering from repressed paternity, throws a friendly eye on the friend's daughter; which again is natural, since Miss Dorothy Hyson is there to invest the part with her youth and beauty.

Set amid the pink and the prattle of a Horseback Hall (Miss Mignon O'Doherty and Mr. Basil Radford are gay prattlers of this boot-and-saddle world), this story of Mr. Lionel Brown's moves to a bitter-sweet conclusion, with the appropriate graces of that good English acting which one associates with a Haymarket production. Mr. Kent's sincerity and wide range of emotion as the crippled man, curbing a violent temper or cultivating a supreme self-sacrifice, and Miss Ney's subtle conveyance of conflicting feelings are the centre of a conventional but attractive picture of a county family discovered in its awkward moment and avoiding a clash, a crash, and a calamity with its considerable capacity for checking first impulses and cultivating second thoughts.

While Miss Ney and Mr. Keneth Kent are so successfully knocking at the heart in the Haymarket, Dame Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Evelyn Roberts are tickling the ribs at the St. James's. The title of "YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER" derives, I think, from the rhyme about the young lady who wanted to bathe and was advised by her mother to take off her clothes, if she must, but not to go near the water. The daughter in the play, whose part is taken with characteristic point and humour by Miss Jessica Tandy, wishes to complete an undergraduate career with a post-graduate amour, and is warned by her mother, Dame Sybil in the rôle, not to practise total immersion in such matters. The joke is that the mother has herself been dipped in these fountains. Once she carried the banners, uttered the war cries, suffered the ardours and endurances, and tasted the refreshing fruit of liberty. She, too, has been a pioneer and, in her suffrage days, has shown that emotional freedom can be the logical development of political enfranchisement. The daughter has discovered that mamma's copy-book as a matron of stainless virtue was blotted during youth. So, of course, she has a bargaining counter when she is told to be good.

The first Act rather quietly unfolds the situation. The second is vastly amusing, because Dame Sybil gives such an engaging and persuasive picture of the fluttering, untidy, amiable, humorous mother who knows that she has been cornered by her keen-witted daughter and is trying to bluff her way out of her predicament. Meanwhile, Mr. Evelyn Roberts, as a solid banker who becomes a barker when roused, attempts to discipline his family in the brusque, paternal way and finds that their bite will always be more powerful than his bark. These two brawl grandly, while Mr. Alec Clunes chips in crisply and amusingly as the cause of all the bother. Mr. Gilbert Miller has employed Mr. Rodney Ackland to translate the American original into English, and the text is adroitly prepared.

Ann Murray (DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE), *the mother in* "YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER," *at the St. James's, thoroughly disapproves of the week-end plans of her daughter Ellen, but having, in her past, done something very much the same with Titus Jaywood* (LEON QUARTERMAINE), *she finds herself variously in a cul-de-sac and up a gum-tree!*

Though the Aldershot Tattoo does not come into the category of theatrical entertainments, it is a superbly presented show, staged with a real sense of 'theatre.' It is one of the evening entertainments which no one should miss.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

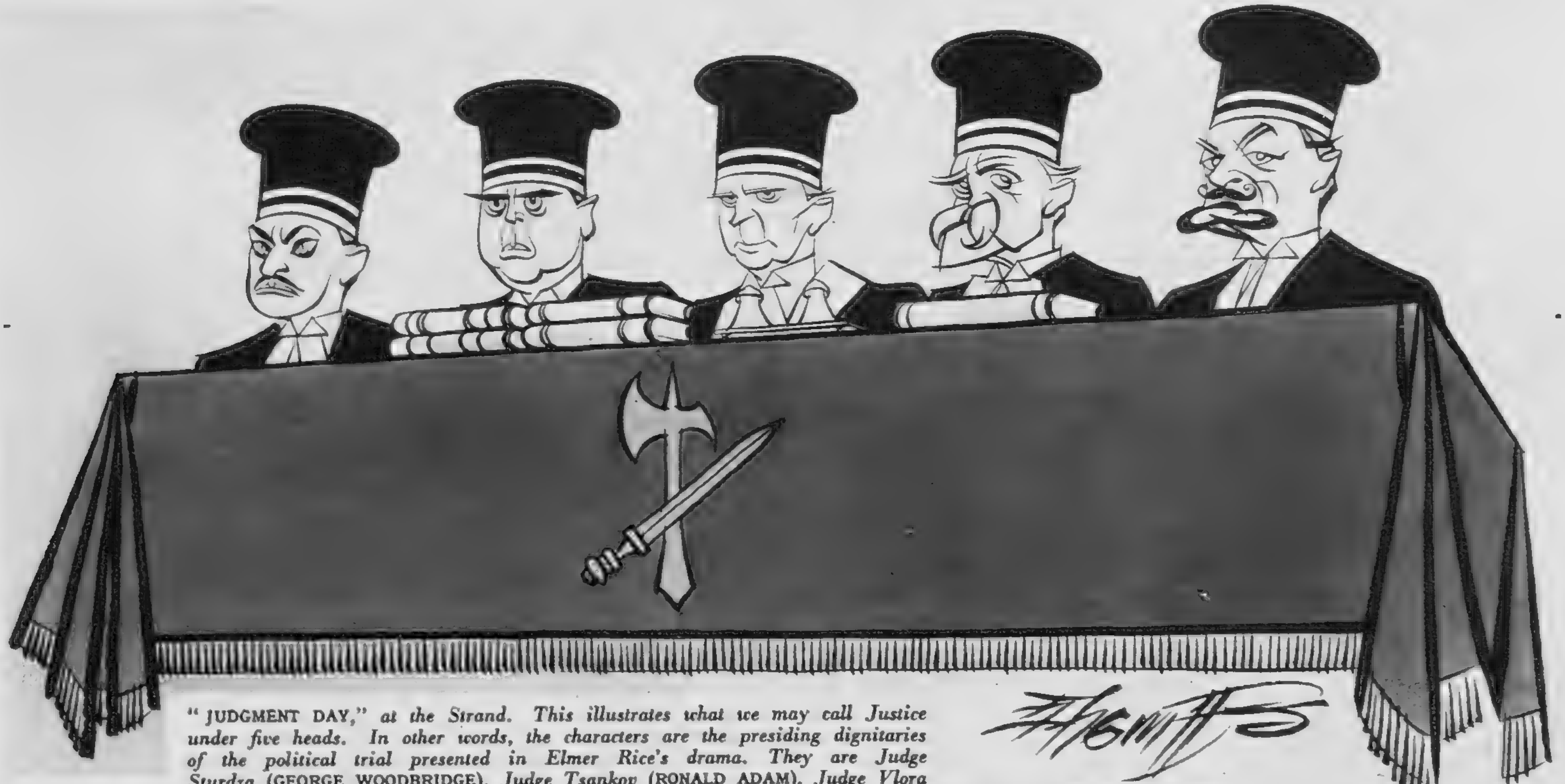
By MICHAEL ORME.

According to Hollywood publicity, the arrival in America of the skating champion, Sonja Henie, and the demonstration of her prowess on the ice, resulted in a mighty polishing of skates and unearthing of skis amongst the stars. Whether this was a prelude to a spate of winter sports pictures remains to be seen, but certain it is that, coincident with Miss Henie's film début, the new Paramount production at the Carlton Theatre, "I MET HIM IN PARIS," artfully propels its slender comedy theme through the sportive amenities of an Alpine resort, whither the charming Claudette Colbert has been enticed by Robert Young, determined playboy, and where she is chaperoned with an equal determination by Melvyn Douglas. It is Miss Colbert's task to make her choice between her holiday cavaliers and to dispose of a priggish American fiancé into the bargain. Truth to say, it takes the heroine an unconscionable time to discover that the phlegmatic novelist, smoothly played by Mr. Douglas, is the best of her bunch of boy-friends, and the story, nicely trimmed though it is with smart lines, and even smarter frocks, is inclined to wear thin before the end. But Miss Colbert, sulking under the novelist's unsolicited supervision, or flirting with sentiment, is as delightful to watch as she is in her more novel occupation of skating, ski-ing or taking a toss from a runaway bobsleigh. The director, Wesley Ruggles, makes fine pictorial use of his Alpine backgrounds, and strengthens the picture's sophisticated philandering with several open-air thrills.

The new French picture at the Curzon, "MISTER FLOW," is one of those tales of complicated crookery to which it is both futile and unnecessary to apply the acid test of logic. I cannot, for the life of me, tell you why Mister Flow, an international crook who lies doggo in gaol for a petty theft committed under the assumed name, and in the character of a nit-witted valet, should have deemed it expedient to send a briefless young barrister to the aid of a fair accomplice. Indeed, this lady of title is perfectly capable of carrying out a series of burglaries in Deauville off her own bat. The barrister, who can, and does, grow a beard in record time, but has no other claims to heroism, has his romantic purpose in the picture, and eventually wrests his Deauville enchantress from the clutches of the formidable Flow by threats of exposure at the latter's trial, at which "justice" is entertainingly hoodwinked. Robert Siodmak's direction of this crook comedy struck me as a trifle too heavy for a piece that is obviously to be taken as a light-hearted jest at the expense of law and equity. It is, however, acted with polish and precision by Edwige Feuillere as the elegant adventuress, with as much ardour and humour as can be extracted from the part of her dupe by Fernand Gravey, and, above all, with virtuosity by Louis Jouvet as the arch-rogue, Mister Flow.

Whilst Claudette Colbert indulges in an interlude of skating of the milder variety at the Carlton, Sonja Henie has abundant opportunity to reveal the poetry of motion on skates at the Regal. "ONE IN A MILLION," designed to exploit her supreme talent and her engaging personality, is a simple story of a Swiss innkeeper's daughter, training for the Olympic ice contest and discovered by an American impresario, whose vision of her future triumphs is realised in a spectacular climax in Madison Square Gardens. The film is good all-round entertainment, apart from the interest of Miss Henie's artistry on the ice. She herself has a merry sense of humour to aid her as an actress and the experienced support of Adolphe Menjou as the plausible and impecunious impresario, as well as Don Ameche in the rather sketchy part of the reporter hero. The Ritz Brothers, in satirical slapstick that includes a grand burlesque on roller-skates of various stars, Borrah Minevitch, most comically inspired with a mouth-organ, the gloomy, cigar-chewing Ned Sparks, the gentle Jean Hersholt and the wise-cracking Arline Judge contribute to the success of a picture which revolves round the bright-eyed Sonja. Not for nothing has she been called the Pavlova of the ice. But if her movements are reminiscent of orthodox Russian ballet, her spirit is untrammelled twentieth century. Her terpsichorean skating is incredibly swift, superlatively graceful and the very epitome of *joie de vivre*. The ballerinas in swansdown and the waltz-time of the "vision" are, perhaps, even more enchanting in their fluency than the severe black-and-white and the tropical rhythms of fox-trot or rhumba of the final spectacular ballet, but Miss Henie's masterly skill turns every background into a worthy setting for her exquisite art.

"TURN OFF THE MOON," at the Plaza, is a musical absurdity that presents Charlie Ruggles as the head of a big department store which he runs, together with his private life, strictly according to the predictions of an astrologer. His fanatical faith in the stars has postponed his marriage to his efficient secretary from year to year. Their union, at the moment when we encounter him in the throes of zodiacal calculation, is dependent on the romance of two young lovers. An absurd story, but it takes hilarious twists and swings along gaily and tunefully withal. Charlie Ruggles plays Cupid to Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney—bashful in love and delightful on the dance-floor, both of them—with zest. He shoots up his own store, abetted by his nimble-footed night-watchman, Ben Blue, after having drowned his sorrows in champagne, and is at all times at the top of his form, a funny, harassed, kindly little man. The plot is elastic enough to permit a brilliant imitation of Charles Laughton by Romo Vincent, and lively enough to stay the course until it reaches the elaborate celebrations of the store's silver jubilee and Charlie's deferred proposal to Miss Tweep, excellently played by Marjorie Gateson.



"JUDGMENT DAY," *at the Strand. This illustrates what we may call Justice under five heads. In other words, the characters are the presiding dignitaries of the political trial presented in Elmer Rice's drama. They are Judge Sturdza* (GEORGE WOODBRIDGE), *Judge Tsankov* (RONALD ADAM), *Judge Vlora* (DOUGLAS JEFFERIES), *Judge Slatarski* (HUBERT HARBEN), *and Judge Murusi* (CHARLES QUARTERMAINE.) *The symbol of "that country in South-Eastern Europe," where the action takes place, is also shown, just to tip you off that Soviet Russia would not be the wildest of conjectures as to where this country is.*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, *and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page* VIII.

A FLICK ROUND THE NEW FILMS.

"MISTER FLOW," *at the Curzon. Here* EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE, *the French screen star, is seen as Lady Helena Scarlett, with* FERNAND GRAVEY *as her poor barrister-lover.*

"I MET HIM IN PARIS," *a Paramount picture, at the Carlton. This is one of the exhilarating winter sports scenes; with* ROBERT YOUNG, CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *and* MELVYN DOUGLAS.

"TAKE MY TIP," *at the Gaumont, Haymarket. Lord George Pilkington and his ex-musical comedy wife, Hattie, are played by* JACK HULBERT *and* CICELY COURTNEIDGE. *They meet a confidence trickster.*

"TURN OFF THE MOON," *at the Plaza.* JOHNNY DOWNS *and* ELEANORE WHITNEY *give some splendid dance numbers as Terry and Caroline. Their dances are made even more attractive by the high-spirited atmosphere they create.*

"ONE IN A MILLION," *at the Regal on June 18. This Twentieth Century-Fox picture introduces* SONJA HENIE. *This is how she appears in one of the skating sequences.*

"TURN OFF THE MOON," *at the Plaza. In this Paramount picture some highly amusing stage effects are introduced.* PHIL HARRIS *is trying to make friends with some odd sort of coloured girls!*

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"CARNIVAL AT BLACKPORT" is a sombre and painful story, set in a gay and glittering frame. A merciful provision of Nature usually protects us from the reflection that, while we are busily engaged in enjoying ourselves, other people, strangers to us, are unhappy or ill or dying; and if the thought should cross our minds, we are able to dismiss it without feeling ourselves unduly callous. Nor need we see, in this unequal distribution of life's smiles and frowns, an illustration of the irony that orders the human lot; we shall have our bad times too, depend upon it, and the world which knows us not will be little disposed to subdue its merrymaking on our account.

A Contrast.

But in a work of fiction, such detachment is not to be achieved. Here we have the gay scene, and there the sad one; we are obliged to visit each in turn, and the transition cannot but be painful. In Mr. Hodson's story, the gay scene is the August Carnival at Blackport, eight days of intensive, organised communal enjoyment for which, we are told, seven and a half tons of confetti had been ordered from the South of France. Whether the visitors to the carnival got their money back in pleasure, I leave the reader to decide. There were a quarter of a million of them, all out to enjoy themselves, all laughing and shouting themselves hoarse. The arm - chair reader may find their fun a little forced, and feel he would gladly exchange it for a book of verse underneath the bough or a glass of wine at a quiet café; but still, the carnival was, almost by definition, fun: and it should have been fun, too, for the chief characters of the story—that is to say, for Mr. Nathan Levibold, one of the chief promoters; for Rachel, his wife, and Sarah, his daughter; for Ted Rivington, who had written the carnival song; for his wife, the moving spirit in their very successful boarding-house; for Jake Morrow, who had a permanent side-show at Blackport, the receipts of which at carnival time would increase a hundred-fold; and for his wife, Laura, who was at last to be blessed with the one thing that might keep her too attractive and susceptible spouse from straying—a baby. They all stood to gain, in the vulgar sense of the term, a good deal, besides the pleasure of the fête. But they did not.

The carnival was not entirely to blame for the tragedy that accompanied it. The situation which it brought to a head had deeper and older roots. Laura Morrow should never have risked having the baby; Jake and Sarah should, I suppose, never have carried their acquaintance beyond its legitimate limits. Tragedy cannot exist without a considerable element of wilfulness in the persons concerned; and all these three were decidedly wilful. But they were only playing with danger; it was Fate which, by stopping the Great Wheel in the midst of its majestic revolution, gave away Jake's and Sarah's secret to all the people who minded most; it was Fate that delivered poor, delicate Laura to the rough treatment of the good-natured crowd. . . .

Not Sad Enough?

"Carnival at Blackport" is a little slow in getting under way, but it is a well-constructed story, and the *dénouement* lacks nothing in drama. It is also, oddly enough, not a very depressing book. This is not entirely because Ted Rivington and his colleague, Harold, provide comic relief with their inventions; still less because Mr. Hodson wants us to think that a death and a broken heart or two matter little in comparison with the fact that so many good people from Lancashire and elsewhere should be having the time of their lives. Rather it is because he has a buoyant temperament and is not unduly cast down by sad events. Mr. Levibold was a Jew, and the traditions of his race made him take his daughter's *affaire* with Jake very hard. And Jake, with no traditions to speak of, also took his wife's death very hard. Judged by what happens in it, "Carnival at Blackport" is an extremely sad book; and it argues some insensitiveness on the author's part that the impression it leaves is not sadder. Some will think Mr. Hodson has missed his chances; he might have given us something unbearably poignant if he had drunk the bitter draught to the lees. Others may be thankful to have their emotions let off lightly, and find support in the robustness of the author's outlook, in his implied conclusion that life goes on, leaving in its wake a tale of tragedy, but one must not mind too much. Jake, to be sure, was no great loss; Laura would probably have died in childbirth anyhow; Sarah's passion, so largely physical, will find satisfaction in marriage. By the time next year's carnival comes round, all will be forgiven and forgotten. Yet, as a protest against this cheerful view, there remains the figure of Nathan Levibold, a figure of grief, noble, austere, smitten to the heart by this betrayal, in his own family, of the ancient standards of his race.

HER GRACE the DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON *is here seen in her Coronation Service robes. They are particularly beautiful and have been in the Duke's family since the Coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838. The Duchess, who was the Hon. Lilian Maud Glen Coats, is a daughter of the first Lord Glentanar. She married the fifth Duke (then Marquess of Douro) in 1909. He succeeded to the dukedom in 1934.*—[CAMERA PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.]

"End of Cornwall."

There is no such figure in Mr. Richard Preston's gloomy and disturbing romance, "End of Cornwall." Of the half-dozen chief characters, the only one who is at all sympathetic is Sam Spargo, and he, with his complex about the police and the crime that, poor man, he was so unlikely to commit, is a border-line case, only just managing to cheat the asylum. But he behaves well to Bronwen Crowle,

[Continued overleaf.

For June, July and August fashions, organdie is almost a classic. Here, Broderie Anglais for jacket and appliquéd bands adds chic and cunning contrast. Navy/White, Black/Pink. From the Women's Dress Salon, First Floor 6½ Gns.
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Continued.]

distracted by the coming of Joe's baby, and his quixotry shines with an especial lustre, being almost the one good deed in this naughty Cornish world. Sam's neighbours are so many sinks of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness—none more so than his "friend" and murderer, John Tangey. Tangey had brought back from his voyages in the East a Japanese flower. It was more than the apple of his eye. It was his badge of respectability, his affirmation of identity, the life of his soul; it summed up for him all that was dear and desirable in the word property, it was his, his, his; and when it died from no apparent cause, his reason toppled and he fastened the crime on his old friend Spargo, who, being a tobacconist, had the means to poison it.

The inside of Tangey's mind, into which Mr. Preston gives us many nauseating glimpses, is a veritable cesspool; and to my thinking Amos Roscorla, the "hero" of the story, is hardly more attractive. A coal-heaver working for a miserable wage, he nurses an undying grievance against society. "Aw, you," said his grandmother, tittering after one of his tirades, "all you need is a woman." But she was mistaken; after acting on her advice he was just as discontented as before. On one side of him is a group of miners, demanding revolution and getting themselves arrested by the police; on the other, various representatives of the bourgeois or sheltered classes, the greater part feathering their nests as hard as they can. I found little to choose between the two. One hardly finds a heart that is not actuated by hatred, though the hatred has different sources and different objects—

"The rich people [observes an acquaintance of Roscorla's] just don't understand. You see, they're not human yet. It's us that's become human, ahead of the rich. I can't explain myself very well. It's like the rich were the monkeys and we're the human beings that are being bred out of them."

If that is so, I can only say that the poor, as illustrated in "End of Cornwall," are not a good advertisement for this experiment in breeding; in fact, when Roscorla reflects on "the infinite sources of goodness and love in his people," one cannot imagine what he means: there appear to be so few signs of it.

MISS PRUNELLA STACK, *Leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, which arranged to give a Coronation Pageant at the Empire Stadium, Wembley, last Saturday, June 12, is shown inspecting some of the Canadian Contingent who came over to take part in the display. The party from Canada is sixty-eight strong; and there are seven delegates from Australia, and one from Japan, among the six thousand women who arranged to take part in the pageant.*

A Warped View.

Mr. Preston is one of those idealists who, in order to emphasise the necessity for a general change of heart, portray existing people and conditions as so degraded as to seem incapable of improvement. He is an exceedingly clever writer, with an imagination of tremendous fertility and range. What a pity, then, that he only allows his sense of beauty to flower on a dunghill—as though it could not operate except against a background of intense ugliness. And what a pity that he allows his extraordinarily acute insight into human nature to be warped by a preconceived idea of what human nature is.

"Tenant for Death."

Lionel Ballantine was a financier, and when he was found murdered in a small house in South Kensington, no one except his creditors felt the loss very deeply. Mrs. Eales, his mistress, felt it too, for he had been generous to her, but she had a husband to fall back on. Or had she? Appearances are more than usually deceptive in "Tenant for Death," and Mr. Cyril Hare is very expert in manipulating them. Take Mr. James, for instance, the tenant in "Tenant for Death": we know exactly what he was like; there is even, to fix him in our memory, a picture of him on the dust-cover; yet what a pall of mystery hangs over him! Sergeant Frant was surprised when Inspector Mallett told him Mr. James must be counted among the suspects; and the reader will be clever indeed who guesses against whose name the Inspector puts his cross. "Tenant for Death" is a particularly well-written detective story, with some excellent characterisation. The motive is adequate and the solution possible—though so ingenious that to envisage it in one's mind is rather like trying to get, or keep, the sense of a double negative: the harder you try to visualise it, the more it eludes you.

An Official and the Boxer Rebellion.

"The Flight of an Empress" is an account of the Boxer Rebellion, with particular reference to the part played in it by the Dowager Empress of China and her devoted servant, the district magistrate of Huai-lai, Mr. Wu Yung. Besides being a most upright official ("my only wish," he modestly observed to colleagues, "is to be as peaceful as possible and do my duty without mistakes"), he is a first-rate *raconteur*, and tells his story with an absence of self-consciousness impossible to a European writer. The book is divided into four sections. The first tells how the Boxer Movement—"the Righteous Harmony Fists"—came into being. The second shows the narrator at grips with these supposedly patriotic bandits. Though exceedingly bloodthirsty, or at any rate ready to shed blood, they were remarkably ready to listen to reason. Foreigners, the Hairy Ones, were their chief abhorrence; there were also Christians and Westernising Chinese who were called Secondary Hairy Ones—

When the Boxers burned churches or houses, they were in the habit of commanding the onlookers . . . to kneel round the building and to cry out in a loud voice, "Burn, burn, burn. Kill, kill, kill!" . . . Those who did not obey were called Secondary Hairy Ones and were immediately chopped to the consistency of a flour sauce.

More than once Wu Yung was in great peril of his life; but his courage was perfect, his tongue persuasive, and what fun was there in tormenting a man who offered to be baked in an oven if his words were proved false?

The Results of Truth.

The third section introduces the Dowager Empress, or "Old Buddha," as she liked to be called, and the Emperor, her somewhat remote descendant, in full flight from Peking. Half-believing in the patriotism of the Boxers and their supposed powers of sorcery, they had set the nations of Europe at defiance, and this was the result. Wu Yung's description of the arrival of "The Two Palaces" (as the royal personages were respectfully called) is most graphic; they had practically nothing to

[*Continued on page viii.*

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LIVING UP

Two charming coiffures created by Francis. In both, the swept-up hair lifts the lines of the face, and each has an individuality that owes nothing to eccentricity.

IT'S a lot to ask, especially of an overworked artist, but there are places where one may come upon this miracle. Francis, of 3, Hanover Square, W.1., is one. No matter who does your hair for you there, he will be an individualist. If you have your own ideas about the way you like your hair to go, he will listen to them, suggesting, perhaps, just a slight alteration here or there; and if you want to leave it all to him, he will create for you a coiffure that will be the envy of your friends and a lasting delight. Which does not mean that it need necessarily be elaborate. Most women demand practicability these days, but there is no need to be dull because of that.

Look at the two hairdressings on this page. Each of them could easily be kept in order, and each of them has the charm that comes from youthful, swept-up lines and soft curls. Next time you are feeling disgruntled with yourself go along to Francis. They will do your hair, they will look after your face, they will give you a perfect manicure, they will send you out idealised and happy. Their place in Monte Carlo is as well known as their London one, and now they have just opened a new branch in Paris.

HERE we are, in the midst of an age of specialisation, living in an era when personality is at a premium, when beauty alone is not enough, but any lack of the care that goes to the making of beauty is not forgiven. Gone are the days when women stood on chairs to catch a glimpse of the lovely Lily Langtry, but gone, too, are the days when any woman need accept plainness. So long as she has a mind that is alive, a heart that loves gaiety, and any sort of a face, she can get by without having to worry—providing she makes the most of her colouring and her hair.

Imagination is the one most priceless gift. The knack of seeing yourself as others see you, constantly different, illuminated by the ideas in their minds instead of set in the mould of your own conviction.

You may brush your hair until it shines in the sun: you may care for it week by week, tending it when you are tired, coaxing it even when you are bored to desperation. It just won't get you anywhere at all—unless it is cut and dressed by a man who sees you, not as one more client, but as Yourself—somebody who is just a little different from everybody else in the world.

SO far so good. But beauty needs a perfect setting if it is to glow like a flawless jewel. While summer nights are here, why not go back to the softness, the romantic brilliance of candle-light? It will work like a charm, for when women feel lovely conversation flows more brightly. If you like to dress your table up, here is something that is new and utterly charming — Price's "Flower-lights," which you can get in seven different colours. As you will see from the picture on the right, they are set firmly into flower-holders among any sort of flowers, and, providing they are not in a draught, they will not drip or gutter even if you fix them at an angle of 45 degrees.

THERE is no sort of room, from those in a dim, low-ceilinged cottage to the spacious, clean-lined ones of a modern house, that remains untouched by the decorativeness of candles. Price's make them in such a variety of designs that they fit in with any period, and in such brave colours that, even unlighted, they are a constant challenge to the eye. Use them in dark corners, and so enlarge the apparent size of your room: place them so that they make a splash of vivid colour against a plain wall: range them, in old candlesticks, along a refectory table.

There really is magic in their kindly softness. Try it next time you have a party that may prove difficult. Try it, too, next time you want to create a friendly, intimate atmosphere. You'll find that everybody will respond—and your worries will just vanish.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

TO AN ENGLISH SUMMER

Heat-Wave Technique for Beauty

SUMMER is here, and everywhere there are women who should be living up to its loveliness, who should be capturing its spirit of gentle romance. If you have nothing to do but lie in the shade all day maybe this won't interest you so much, but if you lead an averagely busy life, and particularly if you spend a large part of it in a town, you will have come up against complexion difficulties that meanly obtrude themselves the moment one becomes hot and tired. Powder has a way of clogging, pores seem to stay alarmingly open, rouge is apt either to sink into one's general pallor or to grow disconcertingly shades deeper than it should be. This is because you are using cosmetics which are not suited to your skin. The trouble is, of course, that experimenting with cosmetics is pretty expensive, quite apart from the fact that only an expert can judge the finer nuances of shade.

Now here's the thing to do. Next time you are near Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W.1, go into the Tourneur Beauty Salon there and let a Tourneur expert analyse your skin tones and features. They will tell you which powder you should use, which rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow, and mascara, working out your formula, noting it down for future reference, and mixing the ingredients before your eyes. They have mascara in jewel tones, they have sixteen different shades of lipstick, and they have at least fifteen shades of rouge—but they emphasise naturalness in make-up for all occasions. The effect they achieve is rapid and fascinating, and no charge is made. What's more, they are introducing a new service for brides, and if you like to make arrangements in good time they will send an expert to the house to make-up the ladies of the entire bridal party.

ONE more thing, tremendously important, most far-reaching in its effect — the choice of your perfume. It must be expressive and subtle—something never to be forgotten, vibrant and delicate. If you have never tried Millot's Crêpe-de-Chine you can have no idea of its enduring charm. Month after month, year after year, one can use it without ever growing tired, because it is sophisticated and elusive. It has long been a French favourite. Now it has come to England. You can get the "introductory" size for as little as 4s. 6d., or you can pay as much as 72s. for the marble-topped De Luxe models shown in our picture. Alternatively, you can send a card to F. Millot, Ltd., 11-12, Clifford Street, W.1, and they will be happy to forward you a miniature gift phial.

Here is a new thrill—Millot's Crêpe-de-Chine perfume, so sophisticated and elusive that it is a lasting delight.

A charming centre-piece for a dining-table — Price's "Flower-lights," set lightly in a bowl of real flowers.

A HAP'ORTH OF TAR

Don't economise on Small Things or They are sure to spoil the Ship

THREE things always thrill a woman to the marrow. First, furs and jewels—these are bracketed together because they have a natural affinity; second, a brand-new make-up that completely changes her and so confounds her friends as well as her enemies; and third, a dozen pairs of the sheerest, most delicately lovely silk stockings.

That's leaving out the big things of life, of course—but the ones I have mentioned are none the less important.

And I suggest a dozen pairs of stockings rather than heaped-up piles (which may be some women's dream of bliss), because stockings are every bit as fashion-conscious as clothes, and they date just as quickly. Inevitably, since stocking tints must subtly reflect the colouring of a frock, and colours change drastically every season.

THIS summer everybody's crazy about lovely, glowing shades, lighter than the sun-tan tones of last year, since lighter make-up is being worn, but always full of life. Aristoc have a specially good one called Bracken. It is so popular that you probably know it even if you don't recognise its name, but as nearly as I can describe it, it is a dull coppery tone. You can get it in 255, their all-silk stocking that costs 4s. 11d., and in Mirelle, their 6s. 11d. one that is so popular a favourite because it looks so delicate and lives so long.

Another of their colours, one which looks particularly good with vivid prints, is called Flattery. So far as its general effect is concerned it is most aptly named, and it has sufficient character to live up to bright, massed colours without being too insistent.

Lighter still, and consequently lovely for the evening, is Peach Glow or Symphony, the latter so subtle that the stockings are almost invisible. Be sure to ask to see these colours when you are considering new evening shoes, for nothing is more inappropriate than a strident stocking with a delicate sandal, and, equally, nothing is so appealing as a truly elegant foot.

YOU can get Aristoc in varying weights that make them suitable for all occasions. The great thing to remember is that summer is the time for stockings. It is all very well to romp about the beach without any, but that is the only time when bare legs are permissible. At all others, stockings are not only definitely more attractive: they are more comfortable and certainly more cool.

Whatever your legs are like, you can't hide them these days. If they are lovely they deserve the finest stockings you are able to afford; and if they are not, they need all the help you can give them. So it comes to the same thing either way.

1.14

after
a hectic rush
you're ready
too soon
and
feeling
desperately nervous . . .

this
is just
another
of those moments
when
a cigarette
is such
a
marvellous comfort . . .

and
it is
an even bet
that
"he"
is smoking too—
for
the very same
reason.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"NOT a bad list at all, if you will allow me to say so"—and the broker folded it up, before returning it to Our Stroller. "It would be hard to pick holes in the selection."

"Some of them are duds," said Our Stroller, "but I suppose you 're sure to find a proportion of chaff in the wheat of anyone's financial field."

"Inevitable—if flowery," the broker agreed. "Everybody picks up a certain amount of rubbish as he stumbles through life. The thing to do is to keep as free as possible from it; that goes without saying."

"Does your neighbour make any use of his list of holdings?" asked the partner, nodding at the folded slip of foolscap.

"He takes the dividends, I suppose, and——"

"I didn't quite mean that. Does he sell any of his investments when the prices go up, and buy them back on a fall?"

"Not that I know of. In fact, he would most likely regard that as gambling, and therefore unmoral."

"You wouldn't say so yourself, I take it?"

"No: but I hesitate to play about with stocks and shares that I look upon as more or less permanent holdings."

"So do I," said the broker. "It 's wrong, of course. We ought to watch our stuff and let it go when prices rise——"

"That 's what you call being a protected bear, isn't it? The price might not go down, though. And if you delivered the shares, you would be left with money on your hands."

"It would be better to contango the shares you 've sold, if you can, because that would save your paying stamp and fee in the event of your buying them back. But even if you had to deliver the shares, and take the money, it would probably pay you to put the cash into the bank, and wait for the chance of getting the shares back later on."

"You think there 's pretty sure to be a reaction after any rise?"

"It happens more often than not. And if your neighbour had sold some of those things six months ago, he could have bought them back a lot cheaper to-day."

"Losing the dividends, though."

"The profit would have come to a great deal more than the dividends."

"Ah, but surely the last six months have been very exceptional in the way they have knocked prices about. After all, we don't often get so many bear factors in such quick succession as we 've seen even since the beginning of April."

"You must take your courage in both hands, and sell when all the indications point to prices going through the roof."

"That 's none too easy to do."

"To go through the roof?"

"To sell when everything looks blazing good, and when neither you nor your broker can see any end to the rise."

"I can't tell my friend to turn out any of his stock at present, do you think? Prices are well down from what they were at the beginning of the year. . . . There! I 've been expecting that!"

"Identically what my wife would have said," replied the broker, picking up the overturned vase, and thrusting back the gladioli into it. "They 're too top-heavy," he continued, "but I like anything that is gaily coloured. It counteracts the drabness of a Stock Exchange life."

"The most boring existence on earth when business is slack," the partner added. "It destroys your soul; it——"

"Destroys your client'sconfidenceand hiscapital," Our Stroller carried on.

"He can play about with his stocks and shares, as I was showing you," said the broker, "and make money at it, without feeling that he is a hardened gambler."

"When I sell anything," Our Stroller remarked, "it is always with the uneasy feeling that I should probably have got a higher price if I had waited a day or two longer."

"That 's the same with all of us, so you can't claim credit for being singular in that respect. How do you find it work out in practice?"

"Well, that 's rather difficult to say. In markets like you 've given us lately, it has been pretty right to sell whenever you felt the urge to get out. On the other hand, I have sometimes sold shares on the very day previous to a good rise."

"That 's a bit riling, isn't it? Still, you just rub it in and wait for the next. Jobbing backwards will surely lead you to suicide, insobriety, or insomnia. It doesn't do to think of what we might have saved had we sold our gold shares three months ago."

In the Stock Exchange, the Kaffir Market looked as limp as a dying lupin. The ordinary hum of conversation was subdued and listless. Hardly a bid for, or an offer of, shares disturbed the obvious dullness. Only the racing-board seemed to hold any interest for the New House.

"—a wonderful opportunity," Our Stroller overheard a broker repeat twice over. "Might never get a chance like this again."

"Chance for what?" his neighbour enquired.

"For a new Trust Company, to take lines of gold shares on the drop, and keep them for dividends and appreciation."

"Trust companies don't usually get floated in depressed days," was the reply. "We wait until things are good, and then we get our Trusts. Everybody knows that."

"Human nature hates buying anything when prices are flat."

"I wonder why that is so. Funny thing, isn't it? But of course one never knows when prices are really cheap."

"Someone must know, surely. Supposing you are a director, or an auditor, or in some other way closely connected with the affairs of a concern that you know to be doing well——"

"I shouldn't care to deal in the shares."

"Don't be pernicketty. And wait till you hear what I was going to say."

"Need you?"

"—and you saw the shares of that company knocked down to a price which you knew to be too low."

"What is all this leading to?"

"I maintain that there are always people who know when prices have got too low, and you 'd expect those people to come in, bringing their friends with them, to take what shares are offered on the fall."

Our Stroller happened to be in this position himself, and he waited, with ears wide open, for what should come next.

"The explanation is easy enough," a jobber replied. "You know the shares are cheap, but you also know that markets are dull, and you think you may get in more cheaply still by waiting."

"Or you may not have any money over at the time," suggested another man. "Maybe you 've had a toss yourself over something else, and so you can't take advantage of what you know to be a bargain."

"Yet as soon as markets turn round, and things are better, you find the price of your shares responds at once."

"Which simply means that the price was put down either on a very few shares being sold, or none at all. The rebound merely corrects the perspective, as it were."

"You 'll never get people outside the House to understand that."

"I don't see how you can expect them to; they have only the newspapers to inform them, and unless a man is here in the House, he can't possibly realise how one market reacts on another, often for no apparent reason."

"And they all react on us," a broker declared. "I detest this hanging about, waiting for markets to go better."

"You think they will?"

"Of course they will. They always do: sooner or later. We 've seen it dozens of times before. How to kill time at the moment is my difficulty. Come up to Lord's this afternoon?"

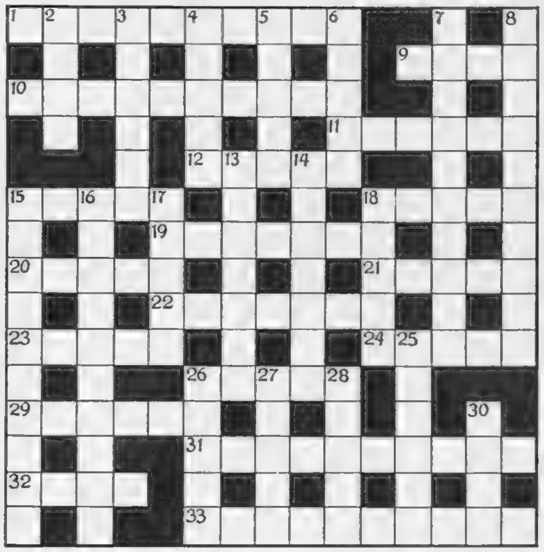
They moved across to the cricket board to look at the scores. Our Stroller lingered behind; he had caught the words, "Derby Sweep, some years ago."

"—and the two of them left the House before lunch," he heard, "to watch the race from Tattenham Corner. The old chap had drawn an outsider in one of our big sweeps. His pal was on the board of the London Hospital. As the horses came up the hill, this pal of his noticed that the old man's horse was struggling to the front. Both of 'em started to get properly excited. 'Why, your horse looks like winning!' he shouted. The old boy was jumping up and down and shouting like a kid. 'Give me five hundred for the London if it wins,' his pal yelled at him, prodding him violently in the ribs. 'Stop doing that, you fool! . . . Oh, look!—he 's winning! Damn you, man. I 'll give you the five hundred if—Oh! well ridden, Sir!'"

And that is how the London Hospital got an unexpected £500 from the Stock Exchange Derby Sweep of that particular year.

Friday, June 11, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. They don't think much of the art of self-defence (10).
9. The kind of misrepresentation that appears to have some foundation (4).
10. By no means support anything round and flat and as old as we are (10).
11. Severity (6).
12. Nonsense! it 's sweet (5).
15. Rifts in an original form (5).
18. Woman's name (5).
19. Well-knit jumper (7).
20. With this, a cart might go in a barrel (5).
21. To do it to cattle is not to lift them (5).
22. A.1 lager upset (7).
23. It 's on wheels (5).
24. Laid out (5).
26. Sharpen by upsetting wines (5).
29. Hospital accessory that ends in another (6).
31. One good turn that involves moral courage with the alteration of one letter (10).
32. By no means soft, but always in the clouds (4).
33. Great nines (anagram) (10).

DOWN.

2. Not irrigated evidently (4).
3. Means means (6).
4. Though it often accompanies it it isn't nonsense in one way (5).
5. Part of England with four feet (5).
6. Sounds downright in Surrey (5).
7. Many a noise (anagram) (10).
8. Spectre? Rot! (anag.; 10).
13. This kind of carriage may denote one's character (7).
14. A great early scientist (7).
15. Most of this part of a ship is heard on the wireless nightly (10).
16. Absurd (10).
17. All this is very sane (5).
18. Hamlet thrust through this French town (5).
25. A great 'cellist of the past (6).
26. The kind of support that can give you a sudden sense of swank (5).
27. Just the bird to get hungry (5).
28. The doctor won't take this if you ask him to a meal. (5)
30. It is reversed in No. 31 across (4).

This England . . .

The "Backs"—Cambridge

IS it odd that a great University should lie lost in the fens (or that May Week at Cambridge should take place in June and last longer than a week)? But then our England evolves in curious ways. When Crante-brig was young it lay upon a great natural highway running twixt trackless forest and undrained fen. Where once was the castle from which the Conquerer smoked out Hereward and his insurgents, rise the calm colleges, part-built from its very stones; and where this green velvet peace joins hall and stream was once a world of wharves and wherries. So do the best things in English life evolve—in the equipment of bodies, too, as well as minds. Even the brewing of your Worthington took some centuries to reach that rich maturity you delight in now.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

NOW that the Ladies' Championship, a most delightful meeting at Turnberry, is over (at the time of writing it is not concluded, so I must reserve my comments for the moment), the professional golfers again take the centre of the stage. But, before we consider the chances of Great Britain regaining the Ryder Cup from the United States, it is a sad duty to pay tribute to the tragic loss of one of our most popular and charming lady golfers, Miss Bridget Newell. The Ladies' Championship was the poorer, and, indeed, the sadder, because of this tragedy. The officials cancelled the International matches in which she was to have played, the dinner which was to have been held the following night was cancelled, and the Ladies' Golf Union flag was at half-mast during the Championship.

same time, since eight of the players nominated for the British Ryder Cup team are taking part, the match should certainly provide some reliable guide as to the form of our International team.

An American Hustle. It is hardly reasonable to comment upon the possibilities of a British victory at Southport in the Ryder Cup match next Wednesday before the United States team is known. Walter Hagen, the non-playing captain, has arrived, and, either to-day or to-morrow, his team will be in this country. But until Saturday last the United States team was not completed, because it was decided to await the conclusion of the American Open Championship. However, having had some personal and first-hand experience of these International contests, I cannot help thinking that the United States golfers have rather handicapped themselves by their own hustle. They have less than a week for their preparations in England, and, in my opinion, have thus prejudiced their chances of winning. If they do beat the British team, they will have something to boast about

Taking a Chance. Not, I think, entirely because of the strength of our side. It is a good one, but our selection committee appear to have taken a risk with some of their nominees. Alfred Padgham, the Open Champion, although at the moment playing badly, had, of course, to be included

The WELSH TEAM *and "spare" included* MRS. G. S. EMERY, MRS. IDINA MILLS, MISS M. BARRON *(extreme right; standing)*, MISS B. PYMAN; *(in front; extreme left, and l. to r.)* MRS. GRAHAM EMERY, *and* MRS. W. PYMAN; *and* MRS. V. MARLEY, MISS M. THOMPSON, MRS. C. LANGFORD, MISS M. BREARLY, *and* MRS. J. EDWARDS.

The SCOTTISH TEAM *and "spare" consisted of (back row; l. to r.)* MRS. C. M. FALCONER, MRS. GREENLEES, MISS N. BAIRD, MRS. A. M. HOLM, MISS ROBERTSON-DURHAM, *and (in front)* MRS. M. J. COUPER, MISS JESSIE ANDERSON, MISS D. PARK, MISS PURVIS-RUSSELL-MONTGOMERY, *and* MRS. J. B. WATSON.

The IRISH TEAM *included* MISS E. ELLIS, MISS D. FERGUSON, MRS. E. L. KIDD, MISS S. MOORE, MRS. H. C. GLENDINNING, MISS GILDEA *(extreme right; back)*, MISS FERGUSON *(extreme left; in front)*, MRS. J. B. WALKER *(centre, front row)*, *and* MRS. BECK *(next to her)*.

The ENGLISH TEAM *in the Ladies' International matches consisted of (back row; l. to r.)* MISS E. CORLETT, MRS. E. M. RHODES, MISS PAM BARTON, MRS. PERCY GARON, MRS. NEWTON, *and (in front)* MISS K. GARNHAM, MISS WANDA MORGAN, MISS PHYLLIS WADE, *and* MISS JEAN HAMILTON.

England beat Scotland, Ireland beat Wales, England beat Ireland, and Scotland beat Wales in the International matches which were arranged to precede the British Women's Championships at Turnberry. Owing to the death of Miss Bridget Newell, the remainder of the matches were cancelled.

The Coronation Match. The Coronation match is the English Golf Union's unique idea of celebrating a great occasion. Ten professionals and ten lady golfers have been invited by the Professional Golfers' Association and the Ladies' Golf Union respectively to oppose a side of twenty men amateurs in foursomes. Unfortunately, the Scottish Union saw fit to decline to co-operate in the scheme, and the South African players, including Bobby Locke, could not take part, because they had a prior engagement, so the amateurs' team is composed of English, Welsh and Irish players. One cannot help admiring the courage and enthusiasm of Miss Doris Park, the only Scottish amateur player in the match. She will have to travel all night on two occasions to take part, for she must be back in time to defend her title as Scottish Champion, but is determined to play in the match. Each of the ladies will be partnered by a professional, but neither will be permitted to select their partners—that is to be decided by lot. But, at the

D. J. Rees, the "match-play champion," could not be omitted, and Sam King, another assistant professional, had earned his place by brilliance in stroke play. We have yet to learn his powers in match-play. But Arthur Lacey, Richard Burton, W. J. Cox, and Alfred Perry are enigmas. They may win by the length of a street, and, on the other hand, lose by a double-figure margin. As a matter of fact, Charles Whitcombe, the captain, and Percy Alliss seem the only stalwarts upon whom Britain may rely to win their matches, or at least to give good account of themselves. It is easy to criticise, but while I hope and expect that the British team will regain the Ryder Cup, I cannot help thinking that it is possible—not probable, mark you—that the débâcle of Ridgewood, New Jersey, in 1935, may be repeated. Last time the match was played in this country, we won by a putt. On this occasion we shall win easily if our men play as well as they can, or never be in sight of victory if they play as badly as they do sometimes.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

I DOUBT if any part of a car has developed to the same extent as the pneumatic tyre. When we think of touring before the war we recall purchasing new tyres, at appalling prices, at frequent intervals. If we went abroad we carried two or three new tyres with us, in case we could not get any of the required size on the way. Bursts and punctures were common occurrences. Yet nowadays we drive right through the year, covering a big mileage very often without experiencing so much as a puncture. Tyres are no longer expensive items to replace, particularly when

The car in the foreground of this lovely photograph from Devonshire is a BENTLEY, *with coachwork by the famous firm of* BARKER.

the enormous mileage which they cover before they are worn out is taken into account.

When a new tyre makes its appearance, therefore, it is just as interesting to motorists in general as the announcement of a new car; especially if the tyre is of such a famous make as Dunlops. A new Dunlop Fort has just been introduced—a very sturdy and workmanlike production, with several interesting features. Roughly speaking, the general layout is the same as that of the previous Fort "90," but pointed teeth are cut along the three outermost pattern edges. Being cut in zig-zag pattern, these teeth provide a much greater effective length of edge to resist both forward and sideways skidding. In addition, there are deep slots cut into the tread, or, rather, moulded into it, running across the outer pattern surfaces, designed to prevent wheel-spin or skidding when braking on muddy or icy surfaces. These slots are specially designed to retain their anti-skid properties when the tyre is well worn and at the same time to avoid rapid or irregular wear.

The extra low-pressure range of the new Dunlop tyres has specially tied-up shoulder pattern blocks, designed to stop uneven wear and to reduce tyre noise still further. The casing, too, has been improved, thanks to the makers' experience with Dunlop giant tyres, which are particularly subject to heavy usage.

TWO-PEDAL CONTROL.

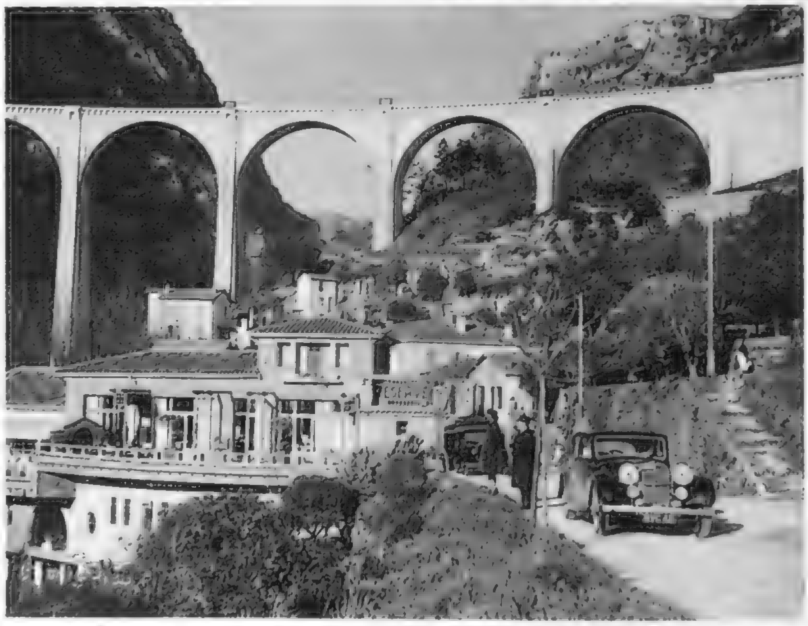
In common with most motorists, I have often wondered why manufacturers have not turned out a car with a simplified control. Efforts have been made to abolish the gear-box, or at any rate, to make it entirely automatic, so that the right ratio is provided to meet any given condition. A notable example, which I reviewed some little time ago, was the Hayes transmission on the Austin car. I have now tested a simplified control system known as the "Propello." The gear-lever and its quadrant are mounted just below the steering-wheel, and at first sight appear identical with the controls on the well-known Wilson epicyclic gear that was pioneered by Armstrong-Siddeley and is found on Daimler, Lanchester, and many other cars. There is, however, no clutch-pedal. On the car I tried, the right-hand pedal was the accelerator and the left-hand one the brake.

Sitting at the wheel, one has merely to put the gear-lever in the desired notch, accelerate, and the car smoothly moves away in the chosen gear. When the car is braked to a standstill in traffic the engine ticks over quietly until the accelerator is depressed, when it moves off once more. One gets similar advantages to those enjoyed with a fluid flywheel or automatic clutch and self-changing gear, with the further advantage that there is no need to depress and release a pedal to engage the selected speed.

I tried a car with a "Propello" transmission in hilly country and it certainly did all that it was supposed to do. The gear could be used as a brake when descending steep gradients, yet at the same time one could "skip" an intermediate gear-changing up or down if required. Driving up a steep hill it was only necessary to move the gear-lever to a position giving a lower ratio without releasing the foot from the accelerator, and the change into the lower gear was instantly and silently made. Changing up I found it best momentarily to release the accelerator pedal, when the change was effected as easily as before.

In its essentials the "Propello" two-pedal control system consists of a complete transmission unit, which replaces the usual flywheel, clutch, and gear-box. Space does not permit going into a lot of technicalities. Briefly, however, there is a fluid coupling, which differs from the type used on the Daimler in that the rotors take the form of propellers with helical blades. An ingenious oil-pump tightens the bands round the epicyclic trains, engaging whichever gear is required without the necessity for overcoming strong spring pressures, a very clever arrangement giving a slight delay action, which is the reason why the gear lever can be moved quickly from one position to another, "jumping" one speed without engaging it. This clever transmission system was invented by Mr. J. Yoxall, and is being developed by Propello Inventions, Ltd., 14, Palmer Street, S.W.1.

MISS PAM BARTON, *the young British and American woman golf champion of 1936, is a keen motorist, and is posed beside her new car, a Hillman "Minx." One of its features is the excellent accommodation in the commodious luggage-locker for four full-sized golf bags, clothing and shoes.*



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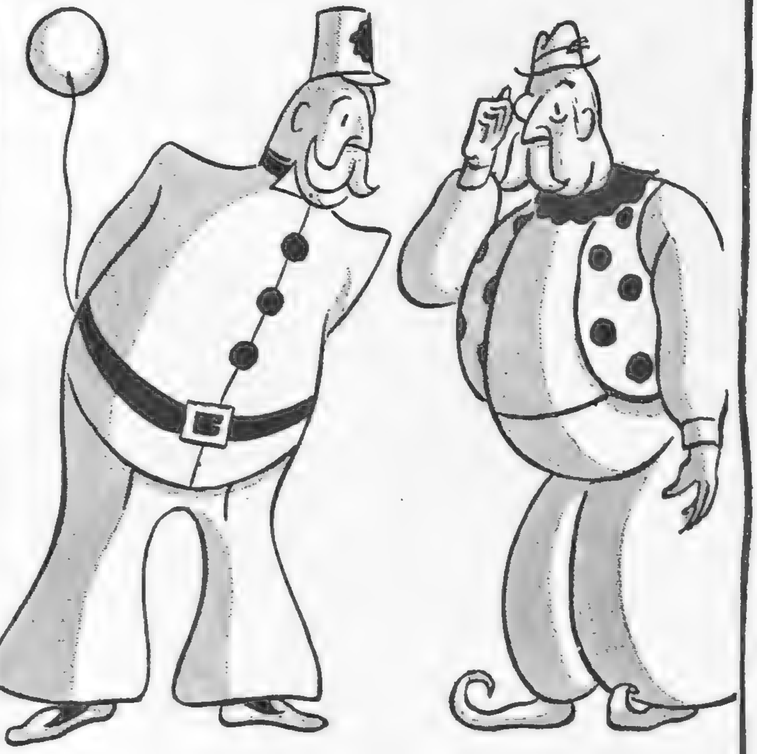

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The long drink with a click in it

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCIII.

DEFENSIVE OPENING BIDS.

THE following is a very usual state of affairs at contract—in truth, it is continually cropping up. You are A, the dealer, and find this sort of hand on which you pass—

(1)	SPADES—K, Kn, 9, 7, 3	or	(2) SPADES—x, x.
	HEARTS—x, x.		HEARTS—A, Q, 5, 4.
	CLUBS—K, 10, 9.		CLUBS—x, x, x.
	DIAMONDS—x, x, x.		DIAMONDS—Q, Kn, 10, 2.

On (1) Y, at your left, bids one no-trump; B, your partner, passes, and Z bids two no-trumps. How you wish you had had the pluck to bid one spade when you had the chance! Now, of course, it is too late; you cannot bid three. Had you bid this spade, it is highly probable that opponents would not have ventured far in no-trumps, and anyhow, had they done so, your partner would know what to lead; as it is, he will be certain to open a heart or a diamond, the two suits in which you cannot help. It is true that even had you bid a spade originally, opponents might have made a game bid in hearts, but even so, what has been said about the lead holds good, while unless they hold "the earth," it is possible that after a spade opening they will cry content with a partial score. Therefore, open with one spade!

On (2) Y, one spade, B, no bid, Z, one no-trump. Again you regret not having bid one diamond or one heart (a diamond for choice), and again now it is too late. The final contract is four spades, which is made because B makes an unlucky opening of a club. These sort of hands prove how necessary defensive opening bids are at contract, and, as I say, these hands are dealt (and, of course, passed) more often than not.

The bids I speak of must not be confused with the ordinary over-calls, which, of course, are defensive in their way. Thus I fancy on hand (1) anybody would bid one spade over an opening bid on his right—the bid certainly should be made, and I personally would bid two diamonds as an over-call on hand (2). (The reason for bidding diamonds in preference to hearts is because, if doubled, you have a switch to hearts at the same level.) But in these cases partner knows—or ought to know, for in my opinion it is the first lesson to learn at bridge—that your bid does not indicate strength in any shape or form, so he will not back you up or launch out on his own, and this is exactly what I would have him do in response to an original opening defensive bid—just to keep him quiet. The point is, how to warn him?

Frankly, I don't see how a partner is to distinguish between an offensive and a defensive opening bid, but he could be told at an early date, thus: a defensive opening bidder must *never re-bid*, except in one case. Suppose you open with one heart, and partner bids one spade: this is a simple "one-over-one" affair, and under normal conditions demands a further bid; but you must say "no bid." Even if partner makes a forcing response—say, two spades or two no-trumps—still you must pass. In this way you could warn partner that your opening bid was purely defensive, and that you have nothing like a "proper" opener; and then he should keep silent too. As an example: you (A) bid one heart, Y, one spade, B (your partner), one no-trump, Z, no bid; A, no bid, Y, two spades. B is now warned to keep silent. Or: A, one club, Y, one heart, B, two spades, Z, three hearts; A, no bid. Now B must not bid again, nor must he double any adverse contract. The one case in which defensive bidder might speak a second time is when partner bids two-suit, thus: A, one heart, Y, no bid, B, one spade, Z, no bid; A, no bid, Y, no bid, B, two clubs, Z, no bid. Now A, if spades suit his hand better than clubs, might bid two spades; but still B should not re-bid; A's pass on the second round has warned him (B) that the opening bid was of a defensive nature.

It is true that on this sort of bidding many a game may be sacrificed, but at the same time so many games will be saved that it will be well worth while. I notice that one or two of the more advanced players are putting up semi-defensive bids and open on very light hands with excellent results, and so I feel confident that in a short time defensive opening bids on more or less these lines will be universally employed.

Solution to last week's double dummy problem—

	SPADES—8.	CLUBS—None.	
	HEARTS—A, 10, 9, 8, 7.	DIAMONDS—Q.	
	B		
SPADES—None.			SPADES—Kn, 7.
HEARTS—6.	Y	Z	HEARTS—Kn.
CLUBS—K, 9, 8, 7.			CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—7, 6.			DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 9, 8.
	A		
	SPADES—9.	CLUBS—Q, Kn, 10, 5, 4.	
	HEARTS—5.	DIAMONDS—None.	

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make six tricks.

A leads his five of hearts, won by B, who continues hearts. If Z ruffs with seven, A over-ruffs and leads the queen of clubs. Y covers and B ruffs. Z must over-ruff and lead a diamond. If Z trumps at trick No. 2 with the knave, B must throw his nine of hearts under it. If not, Z would lead the seven of trumps, putting A in to lead clubs.

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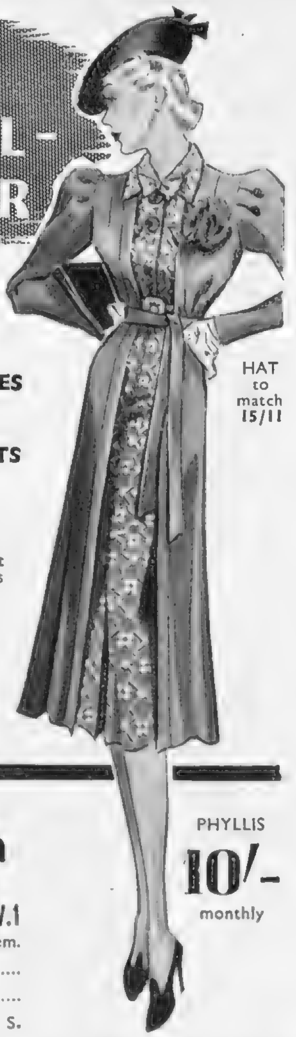

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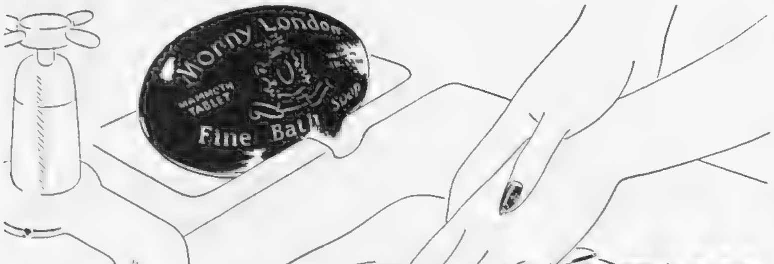

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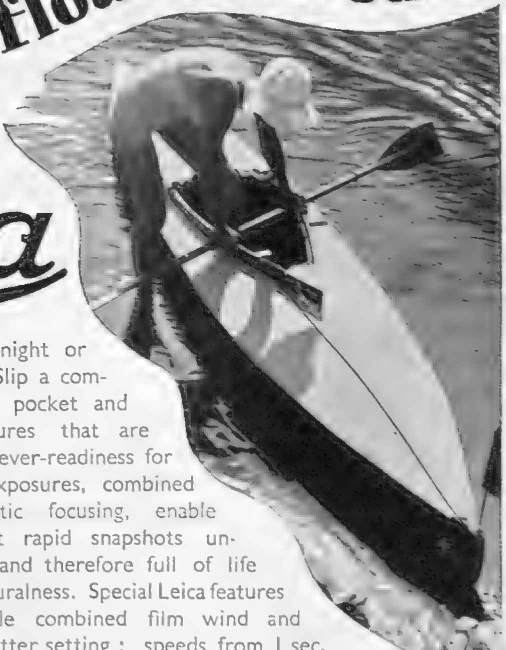

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GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA revives memories of delightful eighteenth-century traditions. It is a Fête Champêtre, or one of those occasions which the artists of the time were fond of depicting, showing Distinguished Persons going to crown a rustic statue—in this case, of course, the head of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The departure for this new port of pleasure is set in Victoria Station, where Fashion and Taste are to be seen boarding the afternoon train in all the splendour of evening dresses and white ties. There they revive another good old aristocratic tradition. Wealth and Rank in the eighteenth century were under the obligation of providing something for the Vulgar to stare at. It is provided at Victoria for the suburban housewives returning from shopping in town. More poignant still is the spectacle of Wealth and Fashion climbing into large charabancs, but this proceeding takes place discreetly in the station-yard at Lewes! But no one would go to Glyndebourne were it not for the most marvellous eighteenth-century revival of all—meaning, of course, inimitable Mozart. The production of "Figaro" which I saw was full of surface *brio* and subtle irony—notably Figaro's own private sarcasm. The production gives full play to his bitterness at the expense of the aristocracy as Mozart surely intended. In the same way, meticulous rehearsing, possible at Glyndebourne as at few other opera houses, got its full value out of the playful melancholy and sophistication which is like the quality of Watteau translated into music.

MISS ROSEMARY CONSTANCE THORNE, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Thorne, will be presented by her mother at one of the forthcoming Courts.*

Much of my other artistic pleasure of the week was provided by the nineteenth century during a visit to the show of Cézanne at the Lefevre, starting with some early Corot-influenced paintings, *via* changes of style to the artist's final manner. Many of the works are unfinished and finer for their "sketchiness," for Cézanne always experimented and, when he had got what he wanted out of the experience, he had had enough of it and left off instead of flogging the horse to death. Ever an experimenter, he was not greatly concerned with painting pictures. "Le Mur Blanc" is a painting one covets, and so is "Coin de l'Atelier." "Les Trois Crânes" shows a bright yellow skull flanked by a blue one and a "natural" specimen! Then there are thrilling oil and water-colour pieces of the Midi, the district whose colour so satisfied Cézanne. Lord Esher, Miss Nancy Brett, and Sir Max Pemberton were people I saw at the Private View.

Many owners of famous greyhounds which have been entered for the premier classic, the Greyhound Derby, to be run on June 26, were present at a lunch at the Savoy Hotel, after which the draw, conducted by the Senior Steward, Major-General the Hon. A. V. F. C. Russell, took place. This is MRS. M. YATE, *owner of Fine Jubilee.*

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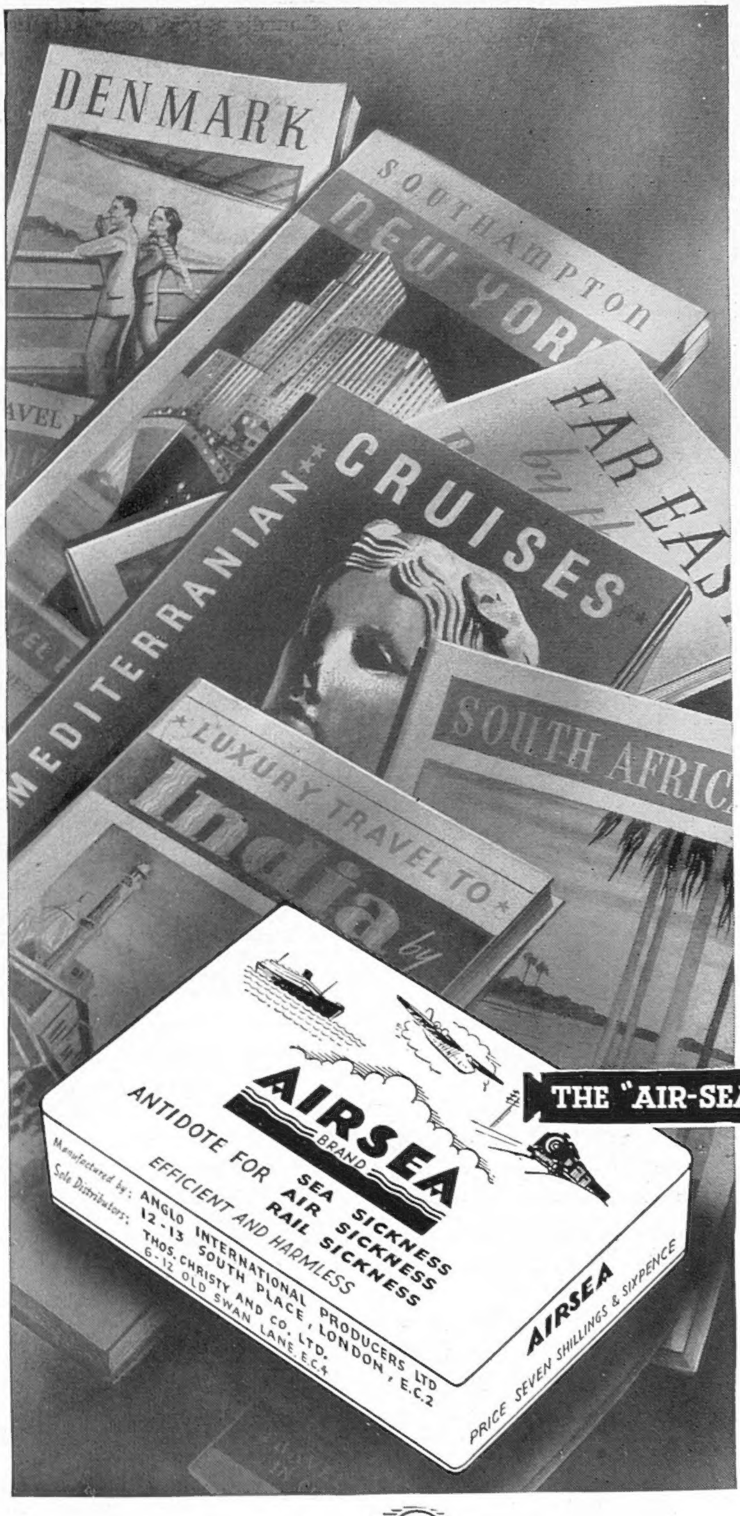

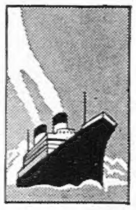

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 584)

eat, and very little to wear. Wu Yung wore himself out (his toes literally came through his shoes, he tells us) in the effort to make adequate preparations for their reception; but he gave satisfaction, and the Empress never ceased to show him her august gratitude, as well as favouring him with her confidence. The last section, "The Way of the World," deals with less stirring events, and is gently reminiscential. I found it the most attractive part of the book, for it is full of self-revelations enchanting in their artlessness and reflexions on life sometimes equally artless, but striking in their wisdom. Wu Yung was a man of principle, of the highest principle—

> When I handled diplomatic problems with England, Russia, Germany and France, I made use of this policy. Truth is the only word I used. It did no mischief and sometimes resulted fairly well.

How admirable!—to adopt such a high-minded attitude towards life, and to expect so little in return!

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Carnival at Blackport. By J. L. Hodson. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
End of Cornwall. By Richard Preston. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
Tenant for Death. By Cyril Hare. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
The Flight of an Empress. By Wu Yung. (*Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 9.

ACROSS.—1. Sweat. 6. Cenis. 9. Roundly. 10. Elope. 11. Prone. 12. Stair. 13. Layette. 16. Evict. 19. Sole. 20. Submissive. 22. Cheltenham. 24. Port. 25. Aroma. 27. Picardy. 31. Celia. 33. Prose. 34. Rebel. 35. Royalty. 36. Lorry. 37. Lodes.

DOWN.—1. Swell. 2. Ebony. 3. Trent. 4. Subsequent. 5. Idea. 6. Cypress. 7. Naomi. 8. Scent. 14. Another. 15. Ewell. 17. Covered. 18. Impalpable. 21. Sepia. 23. Tracery. 25. Appal. 26. Odour. 28. Caryl. 29. Rabid. 30. Yells. 32. Lays.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"JUDGMENT DAY" (Strand). 8.30.—Trial and counter-revolution in totalitarian State. Tense action; brilliantly produced and acted; Catherine Lacey, Ronald Adam, Freda Jackson, Glynis Johns.

"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY" (Westminster). 8.30.—Turgeniev's brilliant comedy, with Gillian Scaife and Scott Sunderland.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Good dialogue and first-rate acting. Marie Ney, Keneth Kent, Dorothy Hyson.

"PAGANINI" (Lyceum). 8.30.—Operette with music by Franz Lehar, with Richard Tauber in full song, and Evelyn Laye.

"THE CONSTANT WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—Somerset Maugham's witty play, with Ruth Chatterton as the wife.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"STORM IN A TEACUP" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A lively and well-acted version of the successful stage comedy.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE" (London Pavilion).—Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney in a grim melodrama directed by Fritz Lang.

"TAKE MY TIP" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A gay Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge farce.

"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING (*Continued*).

"BURGTHEATER" (Academy).—A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

"I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—Claudette Colbert takes a holiday and chooses a husband.

"MISTER FLOW" (Curzon).—A French crook comedy.

"SHALL WE DANCE?" (Regal.)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers at the top of their form.

"TURN OFF THE MOON" (Plaza).—Charlie Ruggles in a light-hearted musical extravaganza.

"WINGS OF THE MORNING" (New Gallery).—The first British all-Technicolor picture, with Annabella, Henry Fonda, and Leslie Banks.

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A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth-while when one is in Germany. This year, however, in view of the Coronation, Hanover is of particular interest to English people.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

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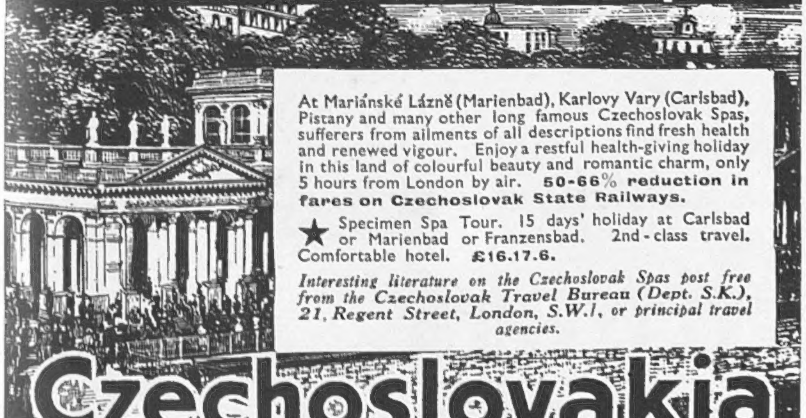

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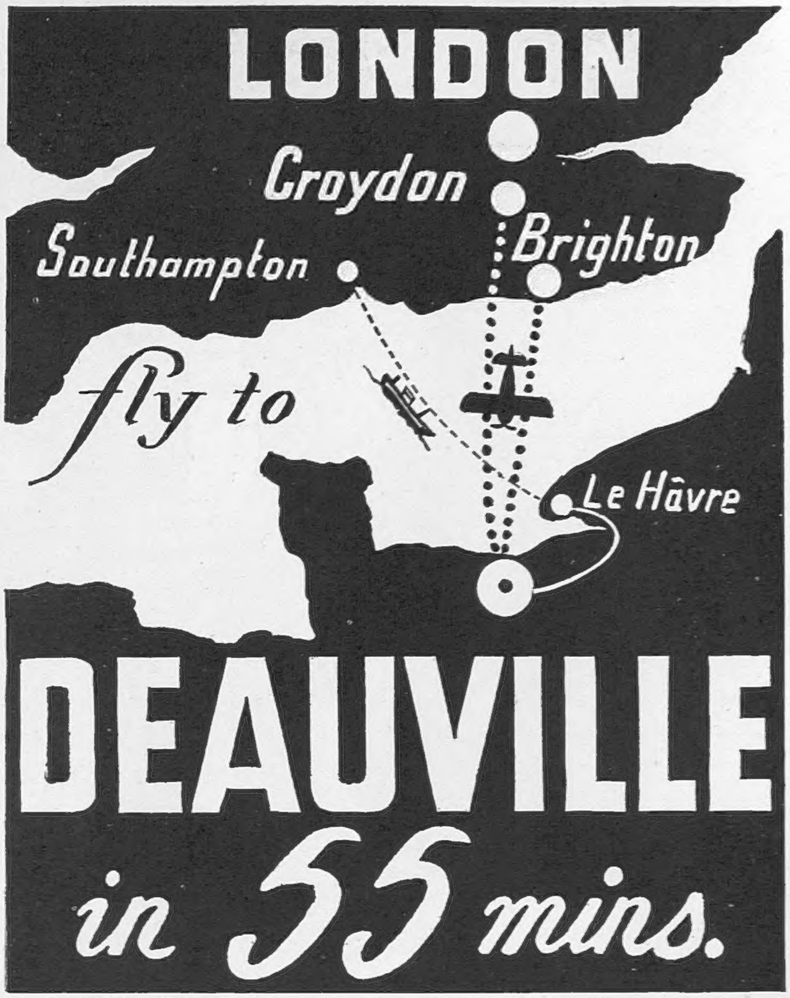

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Sir Edward :	"Oh, quite easily, we'll simply take the aggregate 'Tote' odds returned against winners, and do the same with Starting Prices. That surely will tell us."
Duggie :	"Such figures will tell you very little, in fact, they would be most misleading."
Sir Edward :	"I don't quite understand."
Duggie :	"Have you noticed that every now and then some horse wins a race which on previous form looks hopeless, not even backed for a penny by the stable?"
Sir Edward :	"Of course I've noticed it. Often backed the second and couldn't believe it possible."
Duggie :	"Against such horses the 'Tote' pays out fantastic odds but probably, if you combed the country, you would only find a handful of people who benefited."
Sir Edward :	"I understand that. I often wonder how anybody can back such horses, they must pick them from the papers with a pin."
Duggie :	"Very likely. On the other hand, when a well-backed horse is returned at shorter odds than S.P. (which frequently happens) countless thousands of backers are affected."
Sir Edward :	"I can't dispute that. How then are we to arrive at the respective merits of 'Tote' and Starting Prices?"
Duggie :	"Only one way for a backer, Sir Edward. Let him divide his stakes, placing half at 'Tote' prices and half at S.P., and see which pays him the better."
Sir Edward :	"Extremely fair and sporting, Duggie. And of course you still allow the 5% over 'Tote' odds for wins."
Duggie :	"Certainly, Sir Edward, and don't forget 25% over 'Tote' odds for places."

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